THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Historical Society

Vol. LXVII No 15 – E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor.

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, MARCH 6th, 1928.

$1.50 per year in advance

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GREEN TEA 851

The delicate, juicy leaves of "SALADA" Green Tea are plucked when a few days old from the finest tea districts in Ceylon and India—packed in air-tight metal to keep the flavour in—fresh and full of delicious goodness—sold by every grocer—38c per ½-lb.

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We specialize in Hair, Felt, Fancy Straw Plaques and Hoods, cut and fitted to the head.

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$19.75 to $45.00

Made from genuine hand woven Harris Tweeds, fancy imported Worsted Suitings, black, blue and grey Serges. All the wanted shades included in our assortment for Spring selling.

W.W.ADAMS
Merchant Tailor.
Men's and Boys' Wear
Newburgh, - Ont.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Persons having claims against the estate of Henry George Bullock, late of the township of Ernesttown, in the County of Lennox and Addington, farmer, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs to the undersigned solicitors for said estate, before the 16th day of March, A.D., 1928, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuan to the provisions of section 51 of Chapter 150 R.S.O., 1927.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE,
Solicitors for said Estate.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Persons having claims against the estate of John Kitchen, late of the Township of Richmond, in he County of Lennox and Addington, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitors for said estate, before the 23rd day of March, A.D., 1928, afer which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 51 of Chapter 150 R.S.O., 1927.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE,
Solicitors for said Estate.
13-d

LOST—In Sillsville district, auto chain, 32 x 6. Finder please notify W. F. BARRETT, Napanee. 15-a

FOR SALE—O. A. C. Oats, 144, Grade No. 1, 85c. per bus. at barn. Reg. red shorthorn calves, male and female MARK HAWLEY, Napanee. 15-cp

FOR SALE — Desirable frome house, 8 rooms, large garden, furnace, electric light, water, garage, fruit trees and bushes. Apply on premises, Centre street. D. L. GREEN. 13-tf

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

WANTED—We have a few used cars in good condition for sale. Would take horses or cattle of any kind in exchange. Bring on your live stock. PAUL'S GARAGE. Phone 198. 10

FOR SALE—A very choice and up to date residence, with attractive grounds, in one of the choicest and most convenient locations. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee. 13

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewere. You can surely save money. At CARD'S GARAGE. 37-tf

CORDWOOD WANTED—Wanted any quantity of cordwood, slabs or bundled edgings. TRENT VALLEY LUMBER CO., Limited, 95 King St., East, Toronto, Phone Elgin 5754 or Elgin 7972. 13-c

HOUSE FOR SALE—The home of the late Mrs. Florence Casey Ostrom, frame, good repair, electric light, water service, full lot, good garden soil, Piety Hill, Napanee. Apply to U. M. WILSON, Napanee, Solicitor for the Vendor. 48-tf

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. $75 weekly easy selling PALCO CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISHRITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. P. A. LEFEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

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Look up our Specials each week.

That little store "that sells a little cheaper."

W. ROY. McGREER

NOTICE OF MEETING

THE COUNTY COUNCIL

of Lennox and Addington, at call of the Warden, will meet at the Council Chamber, in the Court House, NAPANEE, on

TUESDAY, Mar. 20th, 1928.

at 2 p. m.

All accounts must be in the hands of the undersigned not later than Wednesday, Mar. 21st, **in order that they may be considered.**

W. G. WILSON,
County Clerk

Dated March 3rd, 1928.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Persons having claims against the estate of John Sidney Aylesworth, late of the Township of Richmond, in the County of Lennox and Addington, civil engineer, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned Solicitor for the estate before the 3rd day of April, 1928, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entiled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of Section 51 of Chapter 150 R.S.O. 1927.

Dated March 5th, 1928.

W. G. WILSON,
Solicitor for Administrators.
15-d

CANADIANS VISITING DENMARK IMPRESSED BY CO-OPERATION

Copenhagen, February 9 (By Mail)—For the past week, Danish agriculturists have been entertaining the representatives of their keen competitor in the agricultural markets, the Dominion of Canada, when they greeted the most unusual party which had ever visited their country, namely, the Canadian farmers' marketing tour of the Canadian National Railways. The invading Canadians had come to probe the secret of Denmark's wonderful success in the marketing of agricultural products, and they discovered the secret to be simply this—the spirit of unity and common purpose which is deep-rooted in the heart of every true Dane, and developed to a remarkable degree, a spirit which so dominates the life of Danish farmers as to banish any vestige of disloyalty to the common task of making Denmark supreme in the markets to which she exports her products. Coupled with this is the careful and insistent standardization of breeds and products with proper grading.

Denmark is, of course, a small country, and its people all of one language, which together with the alertness of mind and the even-temperedness of the natives, has made possible the solidifying of the nations. Prince Edward Island probably has the nearest approach to it in Canada. But Denmark's accomplishments are outstanding and are exemplification of what can be done by a people who unite themselves upon a common purpose. Denmark's greatest lesson to the visitor is this spirit of unity throughout the nation. Agriculturally speaking, her lesson to the Canadians was the intensive nature of civilization, and her accomplishments in the bacon hog industry. Her development of the bacon pig from the crossing of the Yorkshire with the landrance breed has been a noteworthy accomplishment, but the sight which is a joy for ever is to visit one of their co-operative bacon factories and watch the steady stream of uniformly-bred pigs coming in and the uniformity of the product going out. With such a perfect unity of product, and continuity of supply, it is little wonder that Danish bacon can beat the world, particularly when the surplus of skim milk available makes it possible for the hogs to be better fed than ours.

As for the dairy industry, though Denmark cannot make the showing of herds that Canada can, her wonderful accomplishment in the development of the red Danish cow has been simply amazing. The Canadian party saw one herd of these cows, numbering 90 head, which has averaged in production 8000 lbs., and another herd of 250 head, which has an average production of around 6000.

The Canadian party were able to see another outstanding Danish accomplishment in a trip to the heath lands south of Esbjerg on the west coast. Here beautiful farms and homes have been built up on land that is almost pure sand, and acres upon acres are given over to the cultivation of scotch fir and other evergreens which assist the farmers in establishing shelter belts. The reclamation of these heath lands will go down into agricultural history as one of the greatest accomplishments of a people who were able to rise above adverse conditions

The Canadians were greatly pleased at the opportunity given to them of meeting the Danish Prime Minister, Mr. Madsen-Mygdal, who is himself a farmer. This was made possible by the kindness of E. Millington Drake, the British charge d'affairs in Copenhagen, who made the Canadians co-hosts with himself at the British legation in receiving a visit from the prime minister, the minister of foreign affairs and the minister of the interior.

The Danish prime minister addressed words of greeting to the Canadians, saying that Denmark welcomed them as fellow workers who, together with the Danes, were working for the perfection of the oldest of all trades—agriculture. He also referred to the Danes who had gone to Canada, saying that these Danes had realized that Canada offered a good chance to the man who was willing to work out his own destiny.

A particularly pleasing incident to the Canadians was the fact that Miss Cora Hind, of Winnipeg, acted as hostess for the affair, in the enforced absence of Mrs. Drake.

One of the interesting features of the Danish trip was the meeting with the general agricultural council of Denmark during which a mass of amazingly well prepared information on Danish agriculture, in English, was presented to the party. The secretary of the council, Hogsbro Holm, who spoke excelent English, welcomed the Canadians, paying tribute to their progress in agriculture. He welcomed them as competitors in the markets of the world, and as foemen worthy of their steel in this battle of the markets. He gave a remarkably enlightening lecture on Danish agriculture.

In replying, H. S. Arkell, Canadian livestock commissioner, paid tribute to the remarkable spirit of the Danish people, and declared that the Canadians felt at home in this country of the northern clime, whose people had warm hearts and were so similar to the Canadians themselves in outlook and in ideals and aspirations. Denmark had accomplished what she had because the Danish peasants had risen above their tasks.

D. E. Stauffer, of Plattsville, Ont., reminded the visitors that it was necessary for them to grasp the spirit and the ideals underlying the success of the Danes to obtain a true impression of the progress made.

Hon. Geo. Langley, of Saskatchewan, bluntly asked why it was that such a spirit existed, and Mr. Holm replied that it was because education in all its forms was carried to the mass of the people, and that the scientific methods on the farms had been adopted by the farmers not because some official in Copenhagen had told them to do these things, but because they wanted to do them, and because the men who were teaching them lived in close contact with them.

Another honor was done the Canadians when they were made guests of the Danish government at the famous Royal Theatre, owned by the State, where the opera, "Faust" was exquisitely staged and sung in the presence of the King of the Danes himself. King Christian sat in the Royal box just above where the Canadians were seated, and remained for the greater part of the performance.

The Danish visit concluded with a visit to co-operative dairies and bacon factories, and to one of the much-discussed people's high schools, where short courses are given to young people in citizenship. The visit paid to the Fredericksborg castle, the ancient home of the Danish king's, was one of the most interesting of the entire tour, for this is one of the most beautiful of all European royal castles.

The journalists with the party were entertained at dinner by the royal Danish foreign office, the guests being Miss Cora Hind, of the Manitoba Free Press, Mr. Geo. Batho, of the No'west Farmer, Mr. Adair, agricultural editor of the Glasgow Herald, who is with the party in Denmark, Mr. E. D. Haliburton, of the Farmers' Guide, Mr. Milton George of Deloraine, Manitoba, Mr. E. F. Augustine, representing the Farmers' Advocate and other papers, Mr. A. P. McVannell, representing the Ontario Farmer and others, Mr. Flank Engand of the Canadian National Railways London, and Mr. Colin Groff, of the Canadian National Railways, Montreal.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

Separate sealed Tenders addressed to the County Clerk, County Lennox and Addington, W. G. Wilson, Napanee, will be received by registered post only up to 12 o'clock noon on Thursday, March 15th, 1928, for the construction of the following work, viz. :

PAVEMENTS.

Amiesite or Mixed Macadam.

1. County Road No. 2, from limits of Town of Napanee, northerly ¾ miles.
2. Road No. 4 from Mink's Bridge to the Village of Newburgh, 4 miles.
3. Road No. 8, from Little Creek Cheese Factory southerly, 4 miles.

Grading.

4. Road No. 7, from Provincial Highway No. 2, southerly to the Village of Bath, 5 miles.
5. Road No. 8, lots 14 to 20, Township of South Fredericksburgh, 2 miles.

Base Course Macadam.

6. Road No. 7, from Provincial Highway No. 2, southerly to the Village of Bath, 5 miles.

Two Course Water Bound Macadam.

7. Road No. 4, from hamlet of Centreville northerly to Bass Wood Hill, 1 mile

Surface Treatment.

8. Road No. 2 from hamlet of Selby northerly 2¾ miles.

Road No. 6, from hamlet of Odessa, north 2 miles.

Road No. 7, from Floating Bay Bridge east to Township of Kingston boundary, 3½ miles.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the undersigned County Road Superintendent, at the Court House, Napanee.

Marked cheques for 5% of amount of tender payable to the Corporation of the County of Lennox and Addington must be attached to each Tender.

All such cheques will be returned to the unsuccessful bidders after awarding of contracts and the cheques of successful bidders will be returned to them upon said bidders each furnishing the County with a Guarantee Company Contract Bond for 50% of the amount of the accepted Tender to secure completion of the work according to contract. Upon completion of each pavement contract (items 1, 2, 3 above marked) and before final payment, Guarantee Company Bond from each contractor will be required guaranteeing the road to be maintained in a condition as constructed for the period of 5 years from completion, such latter bonds to be for 40% of amount of each contract price.

Further information as to these bonds can be obtained from the County Road Superintendent.

The proposed contracts with the successful bidders must be approved by Department of Public Highways of Ontario before execution thereof by the County.

The lowest or any Tender will not necessarily be accepted.

Dated February 16th, 1928.

T. V. ANDERSON,
County Road Superintendent,
Napanee.
A. C. MILLER,
Chairman County Road Committee.
Bath P.O., R. R. 2.
13-c

FOUR YEARS FOR RAYNOR

Picton, Ont., Mar. 5—Four years in Kingston Penitentiary was the sentence imposed on Ralph Harry Raynor, bankrupt automobile dealer of Picton and Belleville, whose trial before Judge McLean in County Judges' Criminal Court here, terminated Saturday afternoon. He was convicted on three separate charges of selling motor cars contrary to agreement, and converting the proceeds to his own use. On each count he was given four years, the terms to run concurrently.

Resigned to his fate, Raynor accepted his punishment in silence, but it was apparent that he felt the disgrace very keenly. After shaking hands with his counsel, he hurried from the court room followed by a police officer, and was later locked up in the county jail. If no appeal is filed—and none is anticipated—he will likely be conveyed to Kingston Penitentiary within a month.

In passing sentence Judge McLean described the prisoner as a generous, big-hearted reckless fellow, who became pressed for money and resorted to bad business methods in an effort to recoup his losses. He had looked into Raynor's past record, and did not believe him to be of the criminal type. "I would like to let you off lightly," said his Honor, "but to do so would be no kindness to you. There are a good many warrants outstanding against you in the County of Hastings, but if I give you an adequate sentence now, I feel sure that these warrants will not be executed."

"Justice cannot overlook the fact that your conduct has had the result of causing sorrow, pain and trouble to a large number of people in the Counties of Prince Edward and Lennox," he continued. "It is necessary that you bear some adequate punishment. It is one of the most trying circumstances to a judge that in these cases there is always in the background a wife and family bearing a measure of the punishment."

In conclusion Judge McLean reminded Raynor that through good conduct he could work off a considerable portion of his sentence.

TAMWORTH.

J. W. Wallace, manager of the Tamworth creamery, has returned from Toronto on a business trip and expects to open the creamery on March 18th.

James Williams had the misfortune to get hit with the puck on the chin while playing hockey and had to have several stitches put in the cut.

Roland Willcocks, buttermaker for Tamworth creamery, underwent an operation for appendicitis in St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, and is progressing favorably.

Mr. Clare Wagar has returned from the Kingston General Hospital, where he spent a week under medical care.

The friends and neighbors of Mr and Mrs. Lorne Thompson gathered at their home on Monday evening, February 20th, and tendered them a farewell party before their departure to reside in Kingston. During the evening on behalf of the community, Miss Margaret Whyte read an address, expressing their good-will and regret at losing such good neighbors, and Miss Norma Garrett presented them with a well-filled purse of gold. Mr. Thompson, on behalf of Mrs. Thompson and himself, thanked the friends in a few well-chosen words and invited all to visit them in their new home in Kingston.

A social time was spent and a dainty lunch served by the ladies, after which all joined hands and sang "For They are Joly Good Fellows." This brought a very pleasant evening to a close.

Roll wrapping, cotton twine in cones.

EXPRESS PRINTING OFFICE.

DESERONTO.

Mrs. Fred Embury, and daughter Dorothy, of Oakville, Man., who have been the guests of the former's sister, Mrs. A. J. Rendell, have returned home.

Mrs Dunwoodie, a highly respected resident of this town, passed away at her home on Dundas sreet early on Saturday morning. She is survived by three daughters, Miss May, at home ; Mrs. Neal, of Campbellford ; and Mrs. Lindsay, of Carp. Her husband predeceased her several years ago.

Mrs. Jane Green is a patient in a Kingston hospital.

Mrs. Arthur Rendell spent Friday in Napanee.

Miss Long spent the week-end at her home in Napanee.

Mr. Sterling Metcalfe, who has been seriously ill, is improving.

Miss Mary Metcalfe, of Havergal Ladies' College, Toronto, spent the week-end at her home here.

Miss Helena Naphin, of Kingston, and James of Napanee, spent the week-end at their home here.

Mr. A. Harband, of Point Anne, spent the week-end at his home here.

Mr. C. Gaulin, of Point Anne, spent the week-end with his family.

Mr. M. Normile, of Napanee, spent the week-end with his family.

NAPANEE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

REPORT FOR JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

A Class—40% of each subject and 75% of total.

B. Class—40 % of each subject and 60% of total.

Examinations held in (1) Composition and Grammar ; (2) Geography ; (3) Arithmetic ; (4) History.

SR. IV.

A.—J. Garratt, L. Fraser, C. Beattie.

B.—B. Webb, H Moore, H. Savage, G. Chambers, S. Beattie, J. LeMaistre, M. Roney, M. Powell, A. Walters, E. Thompson and B. Milsap, equal ; B. Valkman, B. Thompson and H. Butcher, equal.

JR. IV.

A.—M. Owen, R. Hyland, M. Drake.

B.—B. Hyland, B. Boyle, B. Denison, J. Roney, L. VanLuven, D. Loyst, H. Norris, L. Cowle, R. Todd.

SR. III.

A—M. O'Neil, D. Trumpour, G. Walters, L. Taylor, G. Kinkley, V. Vincent, I. Markle, D. Laughland.

B.—D. Knapp, G. Walker, A. Deschene, G. Leary, B. Templeton, D. McGee, F. Coakwell, G. Stevenson, F. Lucas, S. Thompson, B. Warner, H. Bedore.

SR. III.

B.—Doris Moore, Illa Cassell and Douglas Graham, equal.

JR. III.

A.—Enid MacGregor, Helen Henderson, Elizabeth Madden, Harriet Madden.

B.—Doris Stinson, Eric LeMaistre, Garrett Joy, George Wilson, Jack Stinson.

JR. III.—B.

A.—W. Kellar, J. O'Connor.

B.—M. Cooke, D. Owen and B. Cowling, equal ; B. Webster and A. Cornwell, equal ; H. Derby, I. Murphy, B. Evans, G. White, J. Turner, (I. Jackson, F. McLaughlin, B. Vanastine, C. Barrett, equal).

SECOND CLASS.

A.—R. Woodger, B. Beatty, J. Clark, R. Edgar, N. Root, E. Elliott.

B.—I. McGee, D. Cowling, K. Sprung, L. O'Connor, J. Gibbard, A. Hearns, I. Storey, G. Vick, L. Black.

FIRST BOOK.

A.—Rita Elliott, Aileen Warner Leslie Hearns, Marguerite Curry, Elizabeth Jackson, Vera Pigeon, Jean Edgar, Gordon Gilbride.

B.—Clarence Butcher, Dorothy Scott, Paul Archer, Eileen Seymour, Authmire Curry, Leonard Huffman, Morley McIlwaine, Dorland Barrager, Donald Reid.

FIRST BOOK.

A.—Robert Wagar, Elizabeth Woodcock, Laurence Markle, D. Plumley, Jack Coakwell, Nina Thompson, Joe Jocko, Douglas Exley, Dale Parks.

B.—Trevor Pawson, Fred Mchoull, Mary Kimmerly, Louise Gilbride, Leanore Valkman, Everett Bowen, Marlyn Benn, Louise Babcock, Arthur Babcock, Rachel Wheeler.

SR. PRIMER.

Madge White, Dorothy Murphy, Audrey McMillan, Marion Vanvolkenburg, Bobbie Smith, Bruce Turner, Harold Martin.

JR. PRIMER.

Edgar Hearns, Daniel Lloyd, Reggie Vick, Raymond Vick, Joe Wheeler, Maude Babcock, Stewart Storms..

FIRST CLASS.

Marion Root, Jack Willoughby, Mabel Markle, Howard O'Connor, Eileena Poste, Mary Buchanan, Edgar Graham, Dorothy Walker, Douglas Rendell, Billy Baker, Ethel McTaggart.

INTERMEDIATE PRIMER.

Ray Howe, Teddy Cassan, Arthur Loucks, Jack Huston, Helen Young, Doris Rendell, Betty Huffman, Jimmy Manser, Douglas McCracken, Georgie Howie, Gertie Butcher, Jimmy Howie, Clarence Markle.

JR. PRIMER.

Peter Waite, Wallace Thompson, Mauda Kellar, Helen Pidgeon, Doris Thompson, Margaret Young, Bordean McCumbir, Billy Beaubien, Gordon Ker, Evelyn Hill, Aileen Thompson, Gerald Hayes, Elden Hearnes, Laura Curry, Doris Harrison, Lois Williams, Charles Thompson.

EAST WARD.

SR. II.

A.—P. Culhane, F. Barrett, J. Conger.

B.—E. Young.

JR. II.

A.—S. Gilbert, R. Dafoe.

B.—B. Lasher, J. Sove, F. Thompson, D. Leary, J. Huyck, B. Norris, J. Tompkins.

FIRST CLASS.

A.—D. Thompson, D. Reid, P. Denison, I. Norris, J. Thompson.

B.—L. Ford, O. Culhane, R. Russell.

SR. PRIMER.

Doris McCabe, John Russell, Burton Knight, Gertrude Thompson, Miles Vine, Billy Moore, Ralph Lucas, Audrey Lucas, Jim Moore, Billy Waitson, Alice Harmer, Harry Leary.

INTER. PRIMER.

Rosalind Mowers, Clifford Millar, Jack Holmes, Marion Lasher, Russell Thompson, Eva McFarnice Young, Katherine Weiss, Clare Millar, Audrey Kirkpatrick, Mary Conger.

JR. PRIMER.

Gerald Kinkley, Margaret Waitson, Gladys Leary, Hazel Navin, Verna Stevenson, Jean Napolis, Jack Balance, Helen Thompson, Mary Steacy, Earl Thompson, Helen Moore, Sarah Madden, M. Navin, Herbert Henderson.

DISCOVERED BALLOTS AND BALLOT BOXES TO BE PRODUCED

LIBERAL LEADER SINCLAIR'S CONTENTION BEFORE COMMITTEE ON PRIVILEGES AND ELECTIONS PREVAILS AT PRELIMINARY SITTING OF ROYAL COMMISSION.

Formal taking of evidence by Mr. Justice Magee and Mr. Justice Hodgins, the Royal Commissioners appointed to hold an inquiry into the circumstances surrounding the findings of 19 ballots on the streets of Ottawa last year, will begin at Osgoode Hall on Thursday, March 15, at 11 a.m.

PRELIMINARY SITTING.

At a preliminary sitting of the Commission yesterday morning it was arranged that the ballot boxes for ~~South Ottawa~~ covering the election on December, 1926, will be produced on that date, and that W. E. N. Sinclair, Liberal Leader, will at the same time produce the 19 ballots now in his possession. Mr. Sinclair is thus taking the same course he offered to take before the Privileges and Elections Committee.

Other witnesses to be called on March 15 are the King's printer, the Clerk in Chancery, the Returning Officer for South Ottawa and his clerk, and the elected and defeated candidates.

Mr. Sinclair will have J. C. McRuer as counsel.

HOCKEY

Napanee and Trenton will be the finalists of the Bay of Quinte Hockey League and the first game will be played in Napanee on Wednesday night, March 7th, with the return game in Trenton on Friday night, March 9th, goals to count on the round.

Wednesday night's game will be the attraction of the season and the locals feel confident that they can win at home by a couple of goals and can hold the lead when they return to Trenton on Friday night. The players are all in good condition and are developing a little more team play on the offensive. Both Trenton and Napanee are very evenly matched and on their last meeting in Napanee the locals defeated Trenton after ten minutes of overtime play. Trenton are strong in goal and in Bowen they have one of the best goal tenders in Eastern Ontario.

Trenton are bringing down a large crowd of rooters with their team and a bumper house will be on hand when the game starts. The Napanee Band will be in attendance and will enliven proceedings before the game and between the periods.

Claire Devlin, of Kingston, will handle the bell and the boys will have to play hockey all the time.

This is the first time that Napanee has been in a hockey playoff in quite a few years and the team deserves the best support that is possible. Come early if you want a good place in the rink, as there is sure to be a packed house.

ERINSVILLE.

The funeral of the late Thomas Murphy, of Marlbank, was held at the Church of the Assumption on Feb. 27th. A very large cortege showed the esteem in which the deceased was held. After the funeral service the remains were placed in the vault to await interment in the spring.

Much sympathy is expressed to Mrs. John Stinson in the death of her faher, Mr. W. J. Wilson, of Marlbank.

Mrs. M. J. Hopkins spent a few days recently in Kingston visiting her sons, Joseph and Edward.

Miss Bridget Hopkins, of Saginaw, Mich., is visiting relatives after an absence of many years.

Try a Classified Adv. in The Napanee Express if you want results.

WILTON.

Miss A. Fulton spent last weekend at her home in Belleville.

The play, "Bashful Mr. Bobbs" was presented in Murvale on Wednesday evening, with a large number present.

Ladies' Aid of the United church, was held at the home of Mrs. A. W. Babcock on Wednesday afternoon. A very successful meeting was held, after which lunch was served.

A number of the younger members of the Women's Institute are preparing the play "Our Awful Aunt" to be put on the latter part of March.

Mr. Carter Davison, who is ill in the Hotel Dieu, is not much improved. We all hope for his recovery soon.

COMING :-: EVENTS

HEAR A. E. GREENLAW, colored basso, in Grace United Church, Tuesday evening, Mar. 20th.

BASKETBALL AT THE COLLEGIATE Institute on Friday evening, at 7.30,. Albert College vs. Napanee.

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC FOR the pre-school child is held each Thursday, from 2 to 4, in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 46-tf

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,
(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

JESUS FEEDS THE MULTITUDES.

Sunday, March 11.—Mark 6: 31-44 ; 8:1-10.

Golden Text—I am the bread of life ; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger ; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst (John 6.35.)

The attitude of most men toward their fellow men, when they see them in some need, is "Let them meet their need themselves" The attitude of God toward those whom He sees in need is, "I will meet their need for them." That is the difference between God and man.

It comes out impressively in the incident of the feeding of the five thousand. The narrative begins where last week's lesson ended, as the newly appointed apostles return from their first preaching tour and report to the Lord. It must have been a strenuous time for them, exacting and fatiguing, "And He said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest a while : for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat."

It is important to realize that our Lord cared tenderly for the bodily condition of His disciples. Plainly He would have Christian workers take heed to their physical condition today, and rest when they need it. It does not honor the Lord for His workers to disregard their bodies and work until they break down, rendering themselves helpless and incapable for service and perhaps a burden to others.

As the Lord and His disciples "departed into a desert place by ship privately," the crowds saw them, and ran afoot around the head of Lake Galilee to the northeastern shore, reaching there even before Christ and the disciples arrived by boat. Plans for rest had been broken into ; it must be had at a later time. For the Lord "was moved with compassion" toward the multitude of hepless, needy people. They were "as sheep not having a shepherd : and He began to teach them many things."

We are often tempted to wish we might have been in one of the Lord's Bible classes. It would have been a rare privilege. But we have an infinitely greated privilege today—greater because He has left this earth. His death, resurrection, and ascension made it possible for the Holy Spirit to be sent to this earth, and for the New Testament to be written. In the New Testament we have the teachings of Christ given far more fully than during His earthly lifetime. And we have the Holy Spirit Himself to teach us all the God-breathed writings of the New Testament. This is a greater privilege than those had who sat under our Lord's teaching during the incarnation (John 16:7, 12, 14).

Evening came on, and the disciples, recognizing the multitude's need of food, asked the Lord to send them away so that they might go into the villages and buy themselves bread. That was the natural attitude of men toward their fellow men in need. Christ's attitude was different.

When the Lord said to the disciples : "Give ye them to eat," they were amazed. He was asking an impossibility. But why should they have been amazed ? They had seen this Lord of theirs working countless miracles. Should they not have known by this time that with Him nothing was impossible ? Yet we have opportunity, through the Scriptures and the Holy Spirit, to know Him better than they did ; have we ever failed in the same way by being hopeless before some impossibility ?

The Lord asked them to bring Him what they had, five loaves and two fishes. When we are facing an impossible obligation, He asks us to put whatever we have into His hands ; then He does the rest.

Although He was the eternal Son of God, yet during His earthly lifetime Christ lived by faith in the Father, as we must. So He took the five loaves and two fishes, and "He looked up to Heaven, and blessed." We would have expected Him to ask the Father to work the miracle of making this supply adequate. Instead, He simply blessed God. When Lazarus was lying dead Christ "lifted up His eyes and said, Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard Me" (John 11:41). Do praise and worship and thanksgiving to God need to have a larger place in our prayer life than they have ? Perhaps if we thanked God for more we should have to ask Him for less.

Remembering that bread is a type or symbol of Christ (John 6:35, 48, 51), and that His body was broken on the cross for us, it is significant that He "brake the loaves" before He gave them to His disciples to set before them." It is Christ crucified that we have the privilege of offering to men as the Bread of Life.

God never gives men just enough, but always more than enough. Of the five thousand men in addition to women and children (Matt. 14:21), they "did all eat" of the five loaves and two fishes, and not sparingly, but they "were filled"; and after all had had all they could take, twelve baskets full of fragments were left over and gathered up. It was God doing exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think" (Eph. 3:20).

The miracle of the feeding of the four thousand recorded only by Mark and Matthew (15:32-38) was a different incident, but similar. A striking similar incident almost a thousand years earlier is recorded in II. Kings 4:42-44. God is the same yesterday, and today, and forever" (Heb. 13-8).

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ROBT. LIGHT.
43tf

ONTARIO'S HUGE OUTLAYS ARE REVEALED TO HOUSE BY ATTORNEY-GENERAL

Wine and Spirits Sale Aggregates $11,166,243.10, and Beer and Stout Ale $6,367,416.31—Profit of $2,800,000 is Turned Over by Board to Treasury—About Quarter-Million Resident Permits Issued for This Year, a Few Thousand More Than Were Issued Last Year.

According to figures supplied by Attorney-General Price in the Legislature on Tuesday last, $17,533,659.41 worth of liquor was sold in Ontario between June 1 and Oct. 31 last year under Government control.

Of this amount, wine and spirits sale aggregated $11,166,243.10 and sale of beer and stout, $6,367,416.31.

LICENSE FEE.

At the same time $272,165.20 was paid into the Hanna Commission by way of license fees for breweries and distilleries, and warehouses ; fines and miscellaneous income.

Gross revenue accruing to the board from its five months' administration of the new law amounted to $17,805,824.61.

Cost of liquor sold under the act was $14,110,337.31.

Operating expenses, including depreciation, amounted to $890,727.05, making a total cost and expense of $15,001,064.30.

This left a net profit of $2,804,760.25 of which $2,800,000 was paid into the Provincial Treasury, as required by the act. The balance of $4,760.25 is being carried by the board in the present year's operations.

Spirits represented 60.62 per cent. of public consumption in the Province ; beer, 36.31 per cent., and wine, 3.07 per cent.

Permits issued by the board during the first five months as compared with permits issued the present fiscal year as follows :

For period June 1 to Oct 31, 1927, both dates inclusive ; Residents, 220,446 ; non-resident, 53,890.

For period Nov. 1, 1927, to Feb. 16, 1928, both dates inclusive : Residents, 260,172 ; non-residents, 10,025.

GROSS PROFITS.

The Attorney-General presented further figures—and they will be verified later, as will those above, when the first report of the Liquor Board is brought down —"to show how well the board has done and how much they have profited by a study of the various systems in operation in Canada." Gross profitsu under all 'control' systems are as follows :

Newfoundland, 40.5 per cent. ; Quebec, 33.7 per cent. ; Manitoba 37.6 per cent. ; Alberta, 42 per cent.; Saskatchewan, 33.8 per cent. ; British Columbia, 29.6 per cent., and Ontario, 19.5 per cent.

Comparisons in operating expenses, plus depreciation, are :

Newfoundland, 7 per cent.; Quebec, 10.4 per cent.; Manitoba, 11.2 per cent.; Alberta 13.4 per cent.; Saskatchewan, 9.8 per cent.; British Columbia, 6.2 per cent., and Ontario, 5 per cent.

Net profit on sales in comparison follows :

Newfoundland, 33.5 per cent.; Quebec, 23.2 per cent.; Manitoba, 26.3 per cent.; Alberta, 28.5 per cent.; Saskatchewan, 24 per cent; British Columbia, 23.3 per cent., and Ontario, 14.5 per cent.

The sum of $4,871,941.17 has been paid by the board to the Dominion Government on customs and excise and sales tax.

The Toronto Globe editorially speaking, says :

THE COST OF THE L.C.A.

The people of Ontario are in a better position now to appraise the value of the Government's so-called liquor-control policy. They have the figures handed out at the Parliament Buildings disclosing the results of operations for the first five months under the Liquor Control Act, and they have the disillusionment offered in the statistics presented in the House by Mr. F. W. Wilson. They need nothing more to show the toll which the traffic is taking.

The total revenue for five months was $17,805,824.61. This is the way the Government puts it, but in other words this is the amount of cash the people paid. The sum of $11,166,243.10 was spent for wines and spirits ; for beer and stout, $6,367,416.31, a total of $17,533,659.41, which went into intoxicating liquors in less than half a year. There was paid for fees, fines and other items $272,,165.20, accounting for the gross receipts mentioned.

It represents an expenditure of almost $6 for every man, woman and child in Ontario. The money handed to the Liquor Control Board would have bought almost the entire output of machinery in the Province for a year. It would have paid for all the fruit and vegetable canning and evaporating, with $2,000,000 to spare ; it would have taken the total output of cotton yarn and cloh industry and left $3,000,000 ; it would have paid for the products of all the men's clothing factories and left still more; it would have paid for all the boots and shoes manufactured in the Province and left a balance of $4,000,000 ; and it would have taken the year's output of condensed milk and left $5,000,000. At the same rate, the amount of money collected in a year by the Government's liquor stores is greater than the value of the product of any industry in the Province except automobiles, flour and grist mills, slaughtering and meat packing, pulp and paper, rubber goods, butter and cheese, electric light and power, electrical apparatus and supplies, castings and forgings, sawmills and hosiery, knit goods and gloves

This shows the enormousness of the business which the Government has launched for the sake of extracting money from the people to keep its affairs running. If all these funds went into public improvements—roads public buildings and other works which provide employment—the diversion from other industries might not be so serious. But the total cost of operaing the business for five months was $15,001,064.36, partly for salaries and store rentals, by far the greater part, however, for supplies. The net revenue to the Government was only $2,804,716.25. Therefore, the distillers and brewers were the ones who gained from the traffic. The public spent more than $17,000,000 to give the Government a revenue of less than $3,000,000.

Now comes the other side of it, as revealed in the address given in the Legislature by Mr. Frank W. Wilson of East Windsor, a Government supporter, and admittedly no advocate of prohibition. Mr. Wilson showed that under the Liquor Control Act there were more breaches of the law than under the Ontario Temperance Act. He had figures supplied him by Chiefs of Police, both before and after the new law was introduced, from Leamington, Amherstburg, Ridgetown, Essex, Chatham, Toronto, Kingston and Ottawa. In all cases there was found to be a considerable increase in drunkenness. Toronto showed an increase in convictions for drunkenness, numbering 692. Guelph registered an increase of 200 per cent. in five months.

Up to this time the Government has zealously guarded the extent of its operations in the liquor business. The report, however, had to come out, and the public now has a chance to think it over, to see what has happened in less than half a year, and to do a little multiplication in order to get an idea of the toll which will be paid during the normal life of the present Administration. And convictions for drunkenness will be in proportion. The money will go from the homes, and misery and disgrace will be the return. Liquor's toll is of the same sort today as it has been in past decades. Ontario's people seemed to have forgotten at the time of the last Provincial election, but their memories are now refreshed by costly experience .

REGISTERED COCKERELS

AN ASSET IN BREEDING FOR HIGHER EGG YIELDS.

(Experimental Farms Note)

Success in breeding for increased egg production depends, to a very large extent, on the selection of the proper male. Breed character, constitutional vigor, male characteristics and proper development are all very necessary when making this selection, but the most important factor of all is the breeding of the bird himself. He must be bred from a high producing dam and also from a sire which has blood lines tracing direct to high production parents on both sides. These are the important factors to be found in registered cockerels.

What then is a registered cockerel ? What guarantee has the breeder as to the bird's breeding?

A registered cockerel is the son and grandson of registered females, both of which have laid 200 eggs or over in one of the Canadian National Egg Laying Contests. As no female is eligible for registration unless her eggs average 24 ounces to the dozen during the contest year, and as registered cockerels can be bred only from daughters of registered hens which have themselves qualified, these male birds have at least two successive generations of 24 ounce eggs or better, as well as 200 eggs or better for an annual production. These are two very desirable characters.

On the sire side the greatest care is exercised in selection. The male used to head a pen of registered fmales is usually a tried and proven cock bird, a bird that has produced daughters the previous year which have all laid well over 200 eggs in their pullet year, and have consistently produced large eggs. It can be seen, therefore, that these registered cockerels possess breeding of the very choicest quality.

The guarantee of breeding that goes with each registered cockerel is the Registration Certificate which is the seal of the Canadian Department of Agriculture, and is the highest mark of quality given birds by any Government. The medium of qualification for registration of poultry is the Canadian National Egg Laying Contest. The work of inspection of registered matings, the banding of chicks the product of such matings, and the recording, approving and marking of each registered cockerel after he is six months old is carried on by Department of Agriculture officials who assist in making this guarantee authentic.

No other system of recording production and following up the work of scientific breeding of poultry is so carefully guarded as that known as Canada's National Poultry Registration Policy.

Great Northern Waterfalls.

Hidden within the recesses of Canada's north country, less than fifty miles from the important trading post and mission station of Hay River on Great Slave Lake, but sufficiently off the regular routes of travel to have been visited by only a mere handful of white men, are two of the most wonderful cataracts in the Dominion. These are the Alexandra Falls and the Louise Falls, situated within about a mile of each other on the Hay river.

CANADIANS PHENOMENAL EGG EATERS

Canadians appear to be regarded as phenomenal egg eaters. In a report received from the Canadian Trade Commissioner, Harrison Watson, stationed in Old London, it is pointed out that the consumption of eggs in Canada amounts to 337 per head of population per annum, outstripping the rest of the world in this respect. The consumption of other countries is given as Belgium 213, United States 180, France 133, Great Britain 125, Germany 117, Sweden 85, Denmark 75, and Norway 61 The Imperial Economic Committee is credited with attributing Canada's high consumption of eggs to the attention and encouragement which has been given by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa to the industry in this country. It moreover emphasizes the practical value of the development of the farming community in so far that production of poultry and eggs is available to practically everybody on the land prepared to exercise ordinary care and intelligence. The Commissioner further points out that there has been a remarkable increase in poultry farming in the United Kingdom since the war. This is credited to the interest that ex-soldiers have been led to take in poultry raising. This home increase has brought the importations of the United Kingdom to a lower figure than before the war.

Importations from Empire sources, excluding the Irish Free State, are practically unchanged. Upon the other hand, consignments from Australia and South Africa have increased while shipments from Canada have decreased. Previous to the war, it is pointed out, Russia supplied fifty per cent and Denmark twenty per cent. of the eggs imported. At present China and Denmark, in the order named, dominate the trade and supplemented by receipts from Netherlands, Poland and Belgium, contribute about eighty per cent of the eggs imported.

GREEN MANURING

(Experimental Farms Note.)

Green manuring is the practice of ploughing down a green crop or its aftermath. Its main object is to add organic matter to the soil and, secondarily, when the crop ploughed down is a legume, to increase the nitrogen. The addition of organic matter, which ultimately becomes humus improves the water-holding capacity of the siol and tends to bring about a better condition of tilth. A third main object in polughing down a green crop is to add to the soil, food for its bacterial life, which plays such an important part in the preparation of plant food e.g. nitrification. Incidentally small amounts of lime, phosphoric acid and potash will be liberated in the decomposition of the organic matter. The importance of green manuringtherefore chemically, physically and biologically, will be obvious.

A legume, such as clover, makes the most valuable crop to turn under as a green manure. It has been found by experiments conducted by the Experimental Farms system that the turning down of clover increases the subsequent crop yields for several years. It has been estimated that it is possible, by turning under a vigorous crop of clover to add to the soil from 100 to 150 pounds per acre of nitrogen one-half to two thirds of which has been obtained from the air.

On very poor soils or on soils on which it is difficult to obtain a catch of clover, buckwheat and rye make very useful crops for ploughing down. Though such crops do not materially increase the nitrogen content of the soil their decomposition will enrich the soil in humus which is one of the most important constituents of all fertile soils.

NERVES IN CANCER GROWTHS.

McGill Professor Makes Important Find In Field of Research.

Announcement of an important contribution to cancer research by the McGill Pathological Institute and the Royal Victoria Hospital was made at McGill University recently.

In connection with the researches the following statement was issued at the Pathological Institute:

"The Canadian Medical Association Journal contains an illustrated article by Dr. Horst Oertel, Strathcona professor of pathology and director of the McGill Pathological Institute, which establishes the extraordinary fact of the presence of nerves in human cancers and other malignant tumors. This has so far not been recognized and even denied by high authorities on cancer.

"The recognition that human cancers are supplied with and carry nerves is an important forward step in the knowledge of cancer and throws a new light on the problems of its nature and growth. For one thing it establishes that the cancer is not as independent and self-contained a growth of cells as has so far been assumed, and it points the way to a possible connection of the cancerous growth with the nervous system.

"While this finding is of greatest scientific interest, it remains to be seen how it may influence future attempts to treat and to control cancer. New possibilities for advance in the knowledge of tumors and their treatment are opened by it."

At the end of the article Prof. Oertel pays a high tribute to the work of two technicians of the pathological institute, Mr. John Partridge and Mr. Brian Thomlinsen, whose zeal and devotion to the technical demonstration of nerves in tumors he highly commends.

Cricket From France.

Cricket was introduced into England from France in the middle ages. The name of the game is derived from the French criquet, a stick used in the game of bowls.

Windshield and car door glass any size, at A. E. PAUL'S. 34

Here and There

(20)

Invited to see Montreal by the hotels and the tourist and convention bureau of the city, 75 members of the Massachusetts Hotel Men's Association spent a week-end recently there and were given a royal reception. As their president, Emil Coulon, said, "We came to sell New England to Montreal, but you have sold Montreal and Quebec province to us."

During the usually quiet immigration months of December and January the Canadian Colonization Association colonized 75 families who took up land to the extent of 1,734 acres. In 1927 the Canadian Pacific Railway, through its land department and its subsidiary (the C. C. A.) placed 2,694 families on Canadian farms, this including 626 families averaging 5 persons to the credit of the Association and 1,529 families on C. P. R. lands.

The movement of British youth to Canada promises to be considerably heavier than usual, due to new arrangements made with the British Government. Ontario is taking 500 boys, Manitoba 50 and the Maritime Provinces and Saskatchewan an indeterminate number, while some hundreds are to be moved by private organizations. In all it is estimated some 2,000 boys will probably be brought out under the new scheme this summer.

Another body of sportsmen are finding Montreal and Eastern Canada good places in winter as well as summer. The Appalachian Mountain Club, of Boston, picked the best period of the winter season to spend a week in the Laurentians mainly devoted to ski-ing, but with sleighing, dog-mushing and tobogganing thrown in. It was the first time they had ever visited this district in winter and they are going to repeat it.

Resignation of Colonel Walter Maughan as Canadian Pacific Steamship Passenger Traffic Manager has been followed by the appointment of William Baird, who was assistant European Manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway in London, Eng. Mr. Baird, whose appointment is effective March 1, joined the Allan Line steamship company at Glasgow as junior clerk in 1905 and came into C. P. service when that company took over the Allan Line in 1916.

Bee keeping in Saskatchewan made marked progress in 1927, there being an increase of 45 per cent in the number of colonies over those of 1926 and an increase of 191 percent in the 1927 honey crop over that of the previous year. The number of spring colonies in 1927 was 3,803 which increased to 5,962 by the fall count. The production of comb honey for the year was 64,042 pounds and of extracted honey 436,932 pounds, making an average production per colony of 148½ pounds.

Airplanes are now being used to herd vast numbers of reindeer in the big Arctic stock farms, according to Ralph Lomen, pioneer of the reindeer industry of Alaska. "It's a new idea and it's not being practiced regularly, but herding by airplanes seem feasible," said Mr. Lomen. "Our head herdsman went out recently and in two hours accomplished as much as would otherwise have required a week with six men. There is room for 12,000,000 reindeer in the northern tundra of Canada and such a herd would be worth $50,000,000. It could be done in 50 years if Canada started now in a modest way."

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EXPRESS PRINTING HOUSE

THE LAST DROP OF FORD HUMOR

BY ERWIN GREER.
(President Greer School of Electrical & Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

So he got four spools
And an old tin can,
Built himself a Ford,
And the darn thing ran.

The old Ford car, in short, was regarded humorously—the humor might be derisive or it might be affectionate or it might be apologetic—and its rapid multiplication on the roads soon made it a national subject for humorous anecdote. Jokes about the Ford were "what the public wanted" The popular names and the popular humor, however, were dissociated. One may examine a large number of such "jokes," and be surprised to find how seldom the joke maker refers to the object of his mirthful intention as anything but a Ford. Eight or nine years ago, when this form of humor had perhaps reached its peak, there were at least eight small volumes of "Ford jokes" in simultaneous circulation, to say nothing of all the "Ford jokes" being printed in newspapers and magazines, and given further circulation by word of mouth.

It is interesting also in turning the pages of a typical joke book, to find how much the ingenuity of the jokers was able to produce out of the smallness of the car, its low cost, and the useful notion that it was made out of tin.

And Henry let them kid his little car knowing that Ford jokes sold more Fords.

Nineteen years ago Henry Ford said : "We will build a motor car for the great multitude. It will be large enough for the family, but small enough for the individual to run and care for. It will be constucted of the best materials, by the best men to be hired, after the simplest designs modern engineering can devise. But it will be so low in price that no man making a good salary will be unable to own one."

Fifteen million cars and jokes resulted. Henry, I predict the new Ford will give the public a million milion miles and smiles.

Grain Seed Selection.

With a view to giving farmers throughout the West first-hand knowledge in connection with grain seed selection the Canadian Pacific Railway, in connection with the university and extension service of the Saskatchewan Government, operated a specially-fitted seed grain train over an extensive itinerary for a period of six weeks. The cars were provided with motor-driven grain clearing machinery of various types and other exhibits, demonstrated.

Bird Guard Wires.

British birds have set up their own police force to protect feathered tribes against deadly high-power wires.

Electrical engineers find bird casualties are growing fewer all the time and credit it to the caution with which birds now approach all wires. In some places engineers even maintain they have seen bird guards warning their associates against dangerous lines.

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CAMEO KIRBY

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON AND HARRY LEON WILSON

NOVELIZED FROM THE PLAY BY W. B. M. FERGUSON

CHAPTER VIII.

THE journey to the Randall plantation, occupying a full day, marked an epoch in Eugene Kirby's life—a fact of which from its inception he was entirely unconscious. Without a single exception it was the first time in fifteen years that he had been received on a footing of equality even intimacy—with that high type of womanhood to which his birth entitled him and which had been forfeited when he had yielded to the lure of the river and the wiles of evil companions. And, even though he did not forget that his present standing had been won by grace of a girl's ready sympathy, the knowledge did not interfere with a thorough enjoyment and appreciation of the moment.

Under the impression that they were entertaining Colonel Moreau, benefactor and champion of the Randall family, Miss Pleydell and Mme. Davezac yielded the more readily to Kirby's charm of manner, while the General, conscious that he was acting in some mysterious way as the secret and trusty friend of his hairbreadth escape hero, hung on the latter's every word.

Indeed, a more impregnable audience would have found their entertainer irresistible, for Kirby put forth every effort to please, his payment a laugh from Adele or a flush in her pale cheek Nor were his efforts prompted by egoism, any longing for self exploitation; rather, in fact, they were spontaneous, a tribute to the goddess Fortune, which had graciously associated him with a type of femininity which he had longed to meet and despaired of so doing.

Thus, with its four occupants in the happiest frame of mind and on the best of terms, the roomy, close topped carriage, its sleepy negro driver monotonously clucking at the horses, jogged placidly over the sunlit roads, while Anatole Veaudry, riding gloomily behind, winced whenever he heard Adele's fresh and care free laughter. It was an unwonted sound, and more than once he caught himself commenting that it was as unwelcome.

Meanwhile Kirby's good angel—if a professional gambler may be permitted to own one—was in another direction looking after his interests with unabated zeal, postponing his exposure and consequently prolonging his intimacy with the Randalls.

It must be remembered that only Tom Randall and his cousin Aaron had met Colonel Moreau, and thus Kirby's exposure as an impostor could only come from these two. The hot headed, vengeful boy was still busy scouring New Orleans for his supposed enemy, and thus his presence at the plantation would be indefinitely postponed until he had either succeeded in tracking Kirby or had abandoned all hope of so doing.

On the other hand, however, Aaron, heeding his cousin's wishes, had accompanied Croup to the plantation, where he confidently expected to find Judge Pleydell, who had preceded him thither; but, learning on his arrival that the latter had ridden over to his plantation, Aaron immediately followed. It so happened, however, that Judge Pleydell, completing his errand, had returned to the Randalls and, taking a short cut through a lane which connected the two estates, unwittingly passed Aaron, who had followed the highroad. Thus when Kirby and the ladies eventually arrived the old judge, supported by a jubilant crowd of negro field hands and domestic servants, was the only one to welcome them.

Standing on the steps of the wide veranda while she swung her bonnet by its strings, Adele, smiling and flushing by turns, boldly introduced the pseudo Moreau to her family's old friend.

"Colonel Moreau, this is indeed a happy and propitious occasion," warmly responded the judge, while he shook Kirby by the hand. "And never in my life have I seen so delightful and welcome an alteration as is apparent in the health and spirits of the young mistress of this plantation. What is the magic secret to account for so great a change since last evening?"

"Ah, it was the ride!" demurely suggested his daughter, glancing from Adele to Kirby.

"The ride!" echoed Mme. Davezac. "Mais—non. It was that charming Colonel Moreau. I think he brings the sunshine we have been waiting for so long."

While the others, with the exception of the moody and despondent M. Veaudry, entered the house, Adele, offering the excuse that she wished to see her roses again, sought flower basket and scissors and, accompanied by the indomitable Kirby, repaired to the garden, Anatole watching them with broody, longing eyes.

Presently he became aware that another was as interested as himself, and, turning, he found Croup at his elbow. The old serving man continued for some time to silently scan Kirby's retreating figure.

"Who you say were dat genaman's name, Marse Anatole?" he at length inquired.

"Colonel Moreau," abstractedly replied M. Veaudry.

"Yes, seh. Yes, seh," acknowledged Croup. "Dat's de name what he done give. Yes, seh." But he was far from satisfied and, still shaking his head and mumbling to himself, returned indoors. Certainly neither Kirby nor Croup—quondam servant and youthful master—had the remotest idea that, after a separation of so many years, they had finally met.

Meanwhile Aaron Randall had returned from his abortive mission only to learn that the elusive Judge Pleydell had again left, this time to ride over to the steamboat landing for expected letters. But Adele's elderly cousin was too excited to longer trouble himself concerning the judge's erratic movements, for he had learned that Colonel Moreau had, after all, accompanied the ladies and was at that very moment with Adele in the garden.

"Why, then," he exclaimed to M Veaudry, who had been his informant, "this can mean only one thing—Cameo Kirby is dead!" And he tersely related the meeting at the oaks even down to the detail of Moreau taking the late John Randall's pistol. "Tom secretly followed the colonel," he finished, "and it's devilish strange he didn't return with him. I don't understand it."

But M. Veaudry was only thinking of this added advantage which his rival had gained in the eyes of Adele.

"Ah, he has one more privilege—I have to envy him!" he exclaimed. "I see he is a gentleman and does not boast. Also it is that he would not wish the ladies to know. I shall seek opportunity to congratulate him when he is not in their presence. I should not think it honor of me to be slow with my felicitations— Ah, I shall do it now."

He turned as Kirby emerged from the garden, Adele having halted some distance down the path.

"I have just learn, sir," began Anatole, with a bow, "of the great privilege you have had today We know by the pleasure to see you alive that there is one great scoundrel which is not."

"Who's that?" asked Kirby, lighting a cheroot—

"I offer you congratulation," pursued the young creole formally and rather stiffly, "that you have earn the gratitude of all good people"

"What for?"

"Because you have the honor to kill that Cameo Kirby."

The other with perfect composure gravely eyed his cheroot, while he successfully concealed all evidence of any other feeling.

"Well," he said courteously, "I always hoped that nobody but myself would kill that fellow I suppose many have wished to, but they didn't have my luck."

"But most I congratulate you, M. le Colonel," finished Anatole, his voice tremulous with emotion, "is that you have earn so much gratitude—here," making an eloquent gesture toward the house.

This time Kirby could not conceal his astonishment. "And why should that have earned me so much gratitude—here?" he asked bluntly, imitating the other's gesture.

Before M. Veaudry could reply Adele had joined the group.

"Anatole has presented you to the colonel?" she inquired, turning to her cousin Then, heedless of his evident amazement, she gayly continued, turning to Kirby: "This is our good cousin Aaron. Aaron, you will be glad to know that this gentleman is Colonel Moreau. I have the honor to present you."

"Colonel Moreau!" gasped Aaron, aghast. "Why—why—I met Colonel Moreau—this morning!"

Adele started and paled as, too late, she fully realized the truth But Kirby remained the same courteous, amiable and care free gentleman of the carriage, while he eyed Aaron steadily. "Does it seem to you that I have changed since we last met?" he blandly inquired. "Perhaps you would hardly know me for the same man? In fact, if Miss Adele hadn't told you that I am Colonel Moreau you would not have believed it? But you take her word for it, don't you?"

After a long, tense silence the bewildered Aaron gravely inclined his head, saying, "Yes, I take her word."

"Ah, I thought so," gently commented Kirby, and, bowing, he joined Miss Pleydell and the General in the garden.

"Cousin Aaron," said Adele earnestly, "I did introduce that gentleman as Colonel Moreau. I know just what I am doing. I ask you to trust me until Tom comes, because I ought to tell him first. Will you do it?" And, again, Aaron, after a momentary struggle, assented.

When the girl had rejoined Kirby in the garden, M. Veaudry, who had been an interested spectator of the little tableau, exchanged with his companion a significant glance of grave suspicion.

"He must have changed quickly, this colonel, since you saw him this morning," he commented dryly. "I think—But who is this gentleman?" turning to confront Larkin Bunce, who, mopping his inflamed face with a dusty sleeve, had thrown himself from his weary horse and boldly entered the gate. In fact, he had ridden at a breakneck pace all the way from New Orleans.

"Your servant, sir," he greeted, bowing to Aaron. "I'm lookin' for the gentleman who come here in the carriage with the ladies."

"Ah," exclaimed Mr. Randall, closely scanning the other, "you're the gentleman who came to see Colonel Moreau this morning. Do you wish to see him now?"

"BECAUSE YOU HAVE THE HONOR TO KILL THAT CAMEO KIRBY."

Bunce started violently, turning as pale as his overheated condition permitted. "Good God, no!" he exclaimed.

"But it was Colonel Moreau who accompanied the ladies," explained Aaron. "And, sir, here he is now."

The old gambler turned with a subdued exclamation of alarm, as if fully expecting to see the ghost of the late lamented Moreau. But instead his startled eyes met those of his partner who, humming softly to himself, was calmly approaching, a white camellia in his hand.

"Come, cheer up, Mr. Bunce. I hope I see you well," greeted Kirby. Then, politely turning to Aaron, he added: "Mr. Bunce is confused. His long ride in the heat has been too much for him. Mr. Bunce is my—secretary. He looks robust, but is, in fact, very delicate. Might I so far trespass upon your hospitality as to beg a cooling draft for him?"

Aaron bowed gravely and, accompanied by M. Veaudry, retired indoors. They had hardly left when Bunce's long repressed emotion overcame him.

"A coolin' draft," he echoed, with violent scorn. "I want a drink, and let it be strong, friend. I always knowed you was a fool, Gene Kirby, but I never knowed it was as bad as this. All the names in the world to pick from, and you chose the name of Jack Moreau! Why, dog my cats!"

"IT WAS THE ANGEL OF CHANCE WHO GAVE ME THE NAME."

"Chance, Larkin, chance," returned Kirby, quite unmoved. "It was the angel of chance who gave me the name."

"Angels? Angels?" caught up the other, his voice faint with the violence of his sarcasm. "Darned if I ain't lost my hearin'. I'll be dogged if I ain't delirious. Skin me if it don't seem like I'm settin' out in a garden and hearin' Gene Kirby talkin' about angels. It sounded jest like his voice. 'Angels,' he says Him Cameo Kirby! Poor old Gene Kirby! Why, you mush brained chucklehead," he finished angrily, "don't you know that Tom Randall's been raisin h— all over Noo Orleans, tryin' to run you down?"

"Well, what of it?"

Bunce, making a gesture eloquent of despair, feebly sought the garden seat and mopped his inflamed face anew "He asks me what of that," he wailed to the surrounding scenery. "You pore, wanderin' lunatic! You know blame well that of all places on earth this is the last you should have tumbled into. Now," with sudden energy and decision, "git ready to git out—quick! My boss is dead beat, but git your angel to loan you one and slope for the river. I'll catch you up at Natchez."

But Kirby calmly refused the proffered riding whip

"What's all the reason I shouldn't stay here?" he demanded "Why should I expect danger from these people—Mme. Davezac, a Miss Pleydell and her father, a creole named Veaudry and a Miss Adele"—

"Miss Adele who?" bellowed Bunce.

"I don't know. That's all I've heard them call her."

Here the fates again intervened in the name of procrastination, for before Bunce could inform his partner that he was the guest of the family which, thanks to the efforts of Colonel Moreau, was his sworn enemy the ladies entered, and to the fleshy gambler's infinite disgust, anger and misery he was again promptly introduced by Kirby as "my secretary." Moreover, despite his utmost efforts he eventually found himself pledged to remain the night.

"But I dursn't do it, ma'am," he had expostulated to the smiling and indomitable Mme. Davezac. "Me and Kirby—I mean me and Colonel Moreau got to git right out of here. There's some mighty pressin' business waitin' for us—'specially for him, ma'am."

"Ah, but you will make pos'pone that business," she returned. "I've already had your horse taken to the stables. Colonel Moreau, he says he will do us the honor to dine with us and remain the night, and that decides it. You are his friend and secretar'— So I shall see you at dinner, M. Bunce. Croup, the gentleman's room."

And Larkin, making an uncouth bow, swallowed his curses and followed the old servant. Passing Kirby, he breathed scornfully, "If I was some people I'd find out more about other people."

Alone with Adele, Kirby leaned against the old sundial and attentively watched her deftly arrange in the basket her freshly gathered bunch of flowers.

"Your friend evidently thinks you are not safe here," she said at length. "But you won't go? I—I know you are safe here."

"I doubt it," he calmly interrupted.

"Why?" sharply, looking up with startled, wounded eyes.

"Because you are giving me a longer time to remember your kindness than I expected, and I'm afraid I'm finding that that isn't the safest thing in the world for me."

"Great danger in that, sir?" she gayly asked.

He joined in her laugh, but his eyes were half serious. "People who play with fire"—

"Ah, but I don't believe you are a coward, sir. Of what was your friend afraid?"

"Well, mainly he seemed disturbed because I didn't know your name," smiled Kirby.

"But you do."

"Pardon, I don't. This is the first time I've been alone with you since we started. I've only heard you called 'Miss Adele.' I don't even know whose plantation this is."

"Neither—do—we," she added sadly. "I—I want to show you something." And, as if yielding to a sudden impulse, she unfastened from about her neck a jeweled miniature and handed it to her companion.

Kirby instantly recognized it as a portrait of the late John Randall, and in a breath the full significance of Bunce's observations came to him. Amazed, he looked from the miniature to Adele, then to the house and back again to her. Observing his emotion, she whispered. "You knew my father?"

"I met him—once," replied Kirby, taking a deep breath.

"I was proud of him," she continued steadily, refastening the miniature about her neck, "and I am not the less proud of him now. You have heard how he died? Then you understand why we do not know whose plantation this is; that we hold it at the mercy of—Cameo Kirby." She dragged forth the name with an accent and gesture of unspeakable fear and loathing.

"Your brother took Moreau's word for what happened that night, didn't he?" asked Kirby steadily.

"Certainly. Had not Colonel Moreau shown himself my father's friend?" she returned.

"It seems to me that Moreau's word has gone for a good deal with your family," he commented, with veiled bitterness.

"And why not? Do we need any one's word upon a notorious adventurer who lives by gambling," she asked, with some asperity, "any one's word upon a creature who preyed upon the weakness of a good man like my father?"

"But has it ever occurred to you," he returned quietly, "that possibly this Kirby might never intend to claim the plantation"—

"No! No!" she interrupted vehemently, shaking her head. "He is too infamous. But I don't want to think of him today. A change has come over me, and—and somehow the world is a different place"— She stopped and then, with flushed cheeks and hurried breath, added: "I feel as if I had been living a long time in the shadows—shadows full of darkness and ugly thoughts. But it has lifted today somehow. What is it?"

She turned, asking the question with wondering eyes, her face transfigured.

"YOU KNEW MY FATHER?"

And as if the heavens, bearing out her statement, offered a sign which presaged future peace and happiness, a surcease from all tribulation and suffering, the final and complete obliteration of the shadows of the past, the homing sun, peeping from over the distant house, bestowed its last caress upon Adele Randall, transforming her somber dress into one of gayety and splendor. True to M Veaudry's prophecy, it appeared as if her long affected mourning was to be at length discarded; but, contrary to that gentleman's long cherished hopes, his was not the personality to induce the metamorphosis.

CHAPTER IX.

EVEN a more obtuse and inexperienced man than Eugene Kirby would not have failed to interpret Adele's words and bearing, the cause of which was as yet beyond her understanding. Kirby knew that he was dealing with no coquette, who sought to pander to vanity or who considered all men the playthings of an idle hour. It was not so much Adele's words as her manner, which betrayed a frank liking and interest, which, despite his modest arguments to the contrary, could no longer be attributed to an impersonal regard for his safety and welfare. He saw that, unknown to herself, she was rapidly passing through the various stages of liking and interest, heading straight for that inevitable climax which is dignified by the term love. In view of the fact that he had already arrived there and had made every effort to assist her toward the same goal, the present misgivings and self censure which now assailed him were decidedly out of place.

True to his character, he had acted first and considered last. He had put forth every effort to please, to awaken her heart, and now that there were signs that it was answering he was dismayed. In the flush of his new and welcome experience he had forgotten his calling, his reputation—forgotten that he was a common gambler, with no claim upon such society as he was now enjoying—forgotten everything but that, by some miraculous fortune, he had been transplanted to the land of his dreams, had met its central figure and had promptly plunged head over heels in love.

Kirby's thorough if tardy self censure, however, was hardly justified, for he had made no conscious efforts to enlist Adele's regard, and their mutual attraction had been as instantaneous and spontaneous as it was natural and to be expected. But the knowledge of her identity had awakened him to a lively sense of his true position, and, although he was far from being the scoundrel which Moreau had pictured and Adele believed him, his regard for her clearly showed him that by remaining he was jeopardizing her future peace and happiness. He must save her from herself and from him and, no matter how difficult it would prove, kill her dawning interest, which naturally was based on the supposition that he was a gentleman privileged to associate with one of her standing. Filled with this resolution, he now turned and said:

"Miss Randall, you've been kinder to me than any woman ever was. You saved my life this morning. But my friend is right. I'd better go. Already you've helped me more than you ought."

Instantly the angelic, wrapt expression was sponged from her face, and, astonished, almost angry, she turned upon him

"Why? What right have you to say that?" she demanded. "Do you think I don't want to?"

"No," he admitted. "But—but I can't stay."

"Do you want me to believe that you're afraid?"

"Yes, I'm afraid."

"Afraid because we expect the real Colonel Moreau tonight or tomorrow? I'm not afraid of his coming, and you can't make me believe that you are. I don't believe you were ever afraid of a man in your life." She stood very straight and looked into his eyes, an incredulous, challenging smile on her lips.

"No, I was never afraid of a man," he admitted quietly "But I am afraid of"—

"Of me?" she whispered interpreting the pause.

"Yes," he said simply.

Her eyes battled to meet his own, but every effort proved futile, and, at length, coloring vividly, she sought the garden seat, half turning her back, while he pre-empted the arm, toying restlessly with the white camellia he still carried.

"I gather from the stories you read the General," he continued, bending toward her, while he smiled half cynically, "that the bad prince always keeps following the beautiful princess, and of course she always finds him out. Now, it looks to me like a weakness in his character that he doesn't quit before she has the chance to. In my opinion, he's a fool to take the risk."

Her answer came tremulously, but withal brave and to the point.

"I suppose I could find a story in which she would want him to take the chance. Now—now, are you going to stay?" turning and looking up, half daringly, into his eyes.

"I can't," he said doggedly. "And the sooner I go the better. Don't let anything ever make you sorry that you helped me. Goodby." And, throwing the camellia on the bench, he resolutely offered his hand.

But she ignored the hand and picked up the discarded flower.

"Not yet, not yet," she whispered. "There is Ann calling me, and I must dress for dinner. But I shall expect to see you again before you leave. You will wait here? You may tell me goodby then if you wish to."

He bowed, seating himself dejectedly on the garden seat, while she flew into the house.

The sun had set, and twilight was fast approaching, the shadows of the trees blending in one solid gray impalpable mass. It seemed as if the disappearance of the sun and Adele had been coincident, productive of the same effect. Without warning the day's work seemed to be clamoring for toll, demanding more than Kirby owned. He felt weary, spent, utterly forsaken and alone, the bleak and barren future stretching interminably before him. Hostage of his bitter humor, he was oblivious to the fact that the old negro, Croup, watching his opportunity, had stolen from the house and was now regarding him fixedly, and he started when at length the other timidly ventured to address him.

"Marse, yo' scuse me, sah. Could yo' be so bligin an' kind to me to ask yo' a question?" prefaced Croup, with a humble bow. "I got a very strong membunce o' de way yo' is favored in de profyle, but it must a' been a long time since yo' was here, kase I don't place yo' das right, specially by de name, sah."

"I have never been here before," replied Kirby truthfully

"Well, I claih ole Croup got a rack his wool some, kase I knows yo' face as well as I knows my own. I bet I ain't goin' to get to sleep a wink tonight tryin' to 'membeh whah it was I know yo', sah."

Amused by the other's evident perplexity, Kirby in his characteristic fashion temporarily dismissed his own trouble and said with a smile: "Come, cheer up It isn't as bad as that."

Instantly Croup turned, electrified, while he clapped both hands behind outstanding ears "What yo' say, sah?" he cried. "Blass God, 'Li'l' Marse Come Cheer Up!' It's done come to me. It's Marse Gene Kirby"—

"S-sh! Don't call me that," warned the other, jumping to his feet.

"No, sah. I don't say dat name no mo'," replied Croup, with an effort restraining his excitement and pleasure. "'Twas your own pa done riz me, sah, an' yo' can trust me clean throo to de bone I'm Croup, what done knowed yo' was li'l' marse. But what yo' doin' here? 'Tain't safe. Dey das unchally goin' to kill yo', Marse Gene. Honey, yo' must git off'n dis land as quick as yo' kin."

"Thank you for the warning, Croup," said Kirby, offering his hand. "But don't you worry about me. I'm going. Can you get two horses for me? Good! Have 'hem saddled and bring them around on the road."

As the old serving man ambled away Larkin Bunce appeared. The plethoric gambler was thoroughly miserable with his surroundings and had decided to make a last appeal to his partner.

"Praise the Lord," he began earnestly, "that the nigger's given you sense enough to see that you've got to go. You know where you are now, don't you? I heard you askin' for horses. Well, you kite for the river. I'm too fat to keep up, but I'll ketch you later on. Come. We can't get off too soon."

"S-SH! DON'T CALL ME THAT."

"I can't leave until I've seen Miss Randall," replied Kirby, with quiet finality. "I have told her that I would wait for her here."

"Why, you gosh a'mighty idiot!" exploded Bunce. "Don't you know Tom Randall's liable to be here any minute and a posse with him? If I could track you out here from Noo Orleans, he kin, kain't he? Ain't you ever goin' to quit doin' these reckless, fool things? Surely you ain't reached your time of life without knowin' what a woman means when she says 'Wait a minute,' and she didn't even say that. You kain't wait for her, I tell you."

(Continued on page 5)

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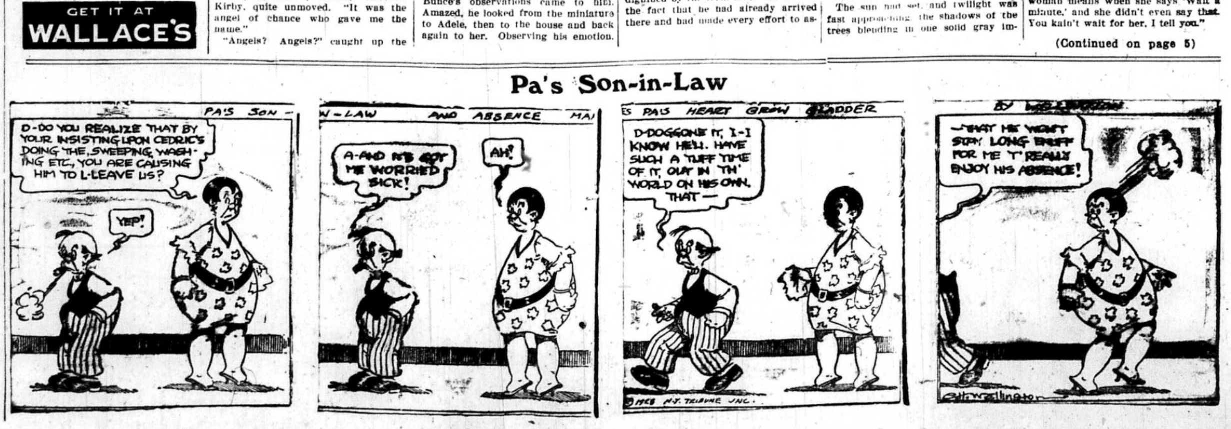
Pa's Son-in-Law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D-DO YOU REALIZE THAT BY YOUR INSISTING UPON CEDRIC'S DOING THE SWEEPING, WASHING ETC, YOU ARE CAUSING HIM TO L-LEAVE US?
YEP!
A-AND IT'S GOT ME WORRIED SICK!
AH!
D-DOGGONE IT, I-I KNOW HE'LL HAVE SUCH A TUFF TIME OF IT, OUT IN TH' WORLD ON HIS OWN, THAT—
—THAT HE WON'T STAY LONG ENUFF FOR ME T' REALLY ENJOY HIS ABSENCE!
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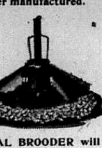

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WOMEN'S INSTITUTE MEETINGS

MOSCOW.

The regular meeting of the Moscow Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Joseph Lucas on March 1st, with about twenty-six members present.

The meeting was opened by singing the Ode, followed by repeating the Lord's Prayer. The roll call was answered by Aunt Het's sayings or "My favorite bird."

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. Quite a lengthy discussion took place on the advisability of buying a piano which would be for any use in the community. The matter was laid over until the next meeting.

A splendid "Current Events" paper was ably prepared by Chas. Darling and read by Mrs. Calvin Allen. It was full of interesting events, especially doings at the sessions of Parliament.

Miss Evelyn Potter contributed a piano solo and Mrs. Lyall Milsap very sweetly rendered a vocal solo.

A number of quilt blocks were brought to the meeting and it was decided to have a quilting party at Mrs. Morley Huffman's Tuesday, March 6th.

An interesting contest was enjoyed by all. Mrs. Cecil King being the winner of the prize.

The meeting closed by singing "God Save the King," after which refreshments were served by the hostess and committee in charge.

ENTERPRISE.

The February meeting of the Enterprise W. I. was held at the home of Mrs. W. Covert on Fri-on Tuesday, March 6th. able weather conditions kept a number of the members at home, the programme presented was an excellent one and the meeting one of the most succssful we have held. day last. Although the unfavor-a new song called "Our Institute" composed by one of the members, followed by the Lord's prayer.

In answer to the roll-call, "A beautiful thought of prose or poetry," a great number of helpful and inspiring quotations were given.

The usual routine of business was gone through, and it was decided to present the New Community Hall with a lamp for the lighting of the stage behind the curtain, also a brass plate for the clock, donated by the society some time ago.

Arrangements were made for the making of a pennant to represent our Enterprise W. I. at the district annual convention. An enjoyable Proverbs Contest was also held and a paper on the "Life of Longfellow," was given by Mrs. Stanley Bell.

The apron tea was a great success. The pretty little aprons were duly exhibited and admired, and although the attendance was so small, the tiny pockets yielded the sum of $3.26.

The lunch which followed was a delightful one, for which such lavish preparations had been made, that it left room for a nice little donation after.

The afternoon closed with the singing of community songs and everyone departed voting the meeting most successful.

CAMDEN EAST WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.

Camden East Women's Institute held their February meeting at Mrs. Boulton's, with fifteen members present.

Mrs. A. Huffman, district president, was with us, and presided over the meeting. In opening the meeting she spoke a few well chosen words and meaningful words on "The Ode" which, if lived up to, 'should dispel all unfriendliness, gossipping, and jealousies, and tend toward the ideal where "each shall seek the common weal, the good of all mankind."

The answers to roll call were interesting and should prove very helpful to the committee in charge of programmes

An invitation from Yarker Institute asking us to join them in the Summer Series was read, and accepted, and we shall try to have a large number present at the meeting. It was thought advisable to have the lecturer visit Camden East also.

The Flower Fund was discussed, planned and decided upon.

A motion was then put that we make a donation to Camden East Public Library. This met with the approval of a large majority, and $15 was voted to aid the library in purchasing new books.

The village street lights came next for our consideration, and it was decided to give them some assistance. In order to avoid confusion and so each light should benefit, the sum of one dollar for each light was voted. This is to come into effect at the beginning of the light's financial year, which is also the time our Institute year begins.

Mrs. Huffman gave an instructive talk on Institute standards and the electing of officers—in Branch, District and Federated Institutes. This was followed by the voting of $5 for our Federated dues.

In the course of Mrs. Huffman's address she made mention of the misunderstanding which usually cropped up in the community when an Institute was organized. All eyes and ears naturally turn to the new group and those ready to find fault never fail to do so. But as the speaker said "if each puts the claims of her Church first and gives the Institute second place in her thoughts and work, no harm will come to the Church and much good will be accomplished by the Institute also." It certainly is not our aim to work against any Church, but rather to comb the ground over after the church and take up the work they have not touched upon. The Institutes themselves long ago determined that anything of a controversial, partisan, racial, or sectarian character must be kept out of the Institutes and it is the ideal of each Branch to live up to that standard.

Since our last report, our Dramatic group presented their play "Deacon Dubbs," in Bath and Yarker. They had a large and appreciative audience in each place and financial results were very gratifying.

The March meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. A. Robinson and we hope for a large attendance.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

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9.30—Class meeting.

10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Sermon: "Last in the series on The Lord's Prayer."

11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.

7.00—Evening worship. Sermon: "The Wholesome Discipline of the Cross."

Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.—Debate.

Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Bible Study and Prayer Meeting.

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Napanee Women's Institute.

The regular meeting of the N. W. I. will be held in the usual place at 2.30 p.m., on Tuesday, March 13th. The feature of the afternoon will be: (1) Demonstration of Salads and Salad Dressing; (2) Table setting for St. Patrick's afternoon tea.

Auction Sale.

Of household furniture and dishes, at the home of Mrs. Hannah Denison, Robert street, just north of Grace Church, on Saturday, March 24th, at one o'clock, coinsisting of chairs, tables, bedsteads, bedding and dishes, couch and oil stoves and other articles too numerous to mention. A full list of carpenter's tools.

Belleville Junior Curlers Win Title from Kingston.

Belleville won the Central Ontario Curling League junior championship in Napanee Friday night from Kingston. After the home-and-home games, the rinks were tied, and the sudden-death game was ordered. Belleville outscored Kingston, 39 to 35.

Belleville.		Kingston.	
T. J. Fleury	9	Manahan	13
Wm. Harden	17	C. M. Smih	6
R. E. Orr	13	R. D. Sloan	16
Total	39	Total	35

Aged Resident Dies Suddenly.

Peter D. Dafoe, an aged and highly respected citizen passed away very suddenly on Wednesday morning last, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C H. Spencer. He had retired on Tuesday night as usual and on Wednesday morning Mrs. Spencer called him and receiving no response was shocked to find that her father had passed away. The late Mr. Dafoe had reached the ripe age of eighty-eight years. For many years Mr. Dafoe was a general storekeeper at Roblin, from which he retired a number of years ago, and had since made his home with Mr. and Mrs. Spencer.

Mrs. William Ballard.

On Wednesday, February 22nd, Kate Parks, widow of the late William Ballard, passed away after a short illness. The deceased was born in Maidstone Kent County, England, in 1854. Mrs. Ballard was a devoted wife and mother and leaves to mourn her loss seven sons and three daughters: Harry, of Napanee; Bert, of Okotoks; Charles, of Kingston; Reginald, of Asquith, Sask.; George, of B.C.; Stodhart of Mich.; Frank, at home; Mrs. Gray of Madoc; Mrs. Macpherson, of Toronto, and Mrs. Dewart, of Peterboro. The Funeral took place on Friday afternoon last, at St. John's Anglican church, interment being made in Lakeview cemetery.—North Hastings Review, Madoc.

Trinity Anniversary.

The seventy-eighth anniversary of Trinity church was celebrated on Sunday and Monday with special services. On Sunday Rev. T. W. Neal, D.D., of Toronto, delivered very interesting and instructive messages both morning ad evening, while special music was supplied by the choir, assisted by Miss Eileen Law, contralto soloist of Eaton Memorial church, Toronto, and Geo. E. Fleming, gold medalist of Saskatchewan. Preceding the evening service, a half hour's organ recital was given by Prof. Baird. On Monday evening the annual anniversary supper was given in the basement of the church, followed by a splendid concert, with Miss Law and Mr. Fleming again on the programme and Prof. Baird and Miss Kathryn Baird at organ and piano.

Napanee Girls Defeat K.C.I.

Napanee Collegiate girls' basketball team won from the girls' team of the Kingston Collegiate in an exhibiion game on Friday night at the Queen's gymnasium Kingston, by a score of 31-14. Napanee girls were better at combination playing, and at the end of the first period led by the score of 10 to 4. A lead of 25 to 10 was Napanee's position at the end of the second half. Both sides played good basketball. The shooting of Miss Douglas, of Napanee was one of the best exhibitions of playing that has been seen on the Queen's floor by any player on a girls' team for a long time. The teams were:

Napanee—Forwards, M Douglas, K. Gleeson; jumping centre, M. Grass; side centre, M. Daly; guards, M. Embury, E. Harrison; spares, M .Graham, G. Wilson and E. Aylsworth.

K. C. I.—Forwards, D. Angrove, J. Taylor; jumping centre, E. Murray; side centre, D. Horwood; guards, L. Wilder, G. Simmons; spares, I. Cramer, B. Thomson.

Referees—Miss Creswell, K.C. I.; Miss McLaughlin, Napanee.

SALVATION ARMY

Ensign and Mrs. Howe, Commanding Officers.

Public Services:

Saturday, 8 p.m.—Praise service.

Sunday, 11 a.m.—Holiness meeting.

2 p.m.—Bible Class and Company meeting.

7.30 p.m.—Salvation meeting.

Monday, 4.15—Service for young people led by Adt. Keith.

Monday, 8 p.m.—Public service conducted by Brigadier McDonald and Adt. Keith.

Welcome to all.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R J. Merriam, Pastor

Anderson Church: Sunday School 10 a.m.; Public Worship, 11 a.m.

Sand Hill Church: Public Worship 2.30 p.m. Entertainment Tuesday, at 7.30 p.m.

Gretna Church: Public Worship 7.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church:

SUNDAY, MARCH 11th.

10.30 a.m.—Holy Communion and sermon.

12.00—Sunday School.

2.30 p.m.—Confirmation Class.

7.00—Evensong and sermon.

HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

SOUND TEETH.

Whether or not a building is safe and sound depends upon the materials used and the skill of the workmen. Our body-cells are skilled in the building-up process, but they must be given good materials for this in the food we eat. If there are to be sound teeth, there must be provided the materials from which to build such teeth.

Mineral elements, such as calcium, form a large part of the teeth which, in many ways, are like bone. The outer surface, or crown of the tooth, is much harder than bone. This outer surface or enamel is the hardest substance in the body.

These mineral substances can only be secured from the food eaten. In other words, proper food must be eaten if we are to have sound teeth.

The kind of teeth a child has depends upon the food his mother ate before his birth, and upon what food he received during his earliest years. The beginning of the tooth is laid down very early in life, at the tenth week of foetal life, to be exact. This is one of the reasons why expectant mothers should know what to eat.

What are these foods that the expectant mother and growing children must have for the proper building of teeth? Foods possessing these elements are milk and milk products, whole grains, leafy vegetables, such as celery, lettuce and spinach.

It will be remarked, whenever the question of diet is considered in relation to health, that milk and milk products are of the first importance and, following closely, are the green leafy vegetables and fruits.

When, as a nation, we begin to eat intelligently, many of our ills will disappear, and we will become a sturdier, healthier people.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered by letter. Questions as to diagnosis and treatment will not be answered.

Making of Aerial Maps.

The making of aerial maps is playing a notable part in the development of Canada's mining industry and resulting in a greater influx of prospectors to Canadian mining fields, according to the chief aerial survey engineer of the Topographical Surveys. Canada in this respect is following to a comparatively slight extent the lead of England, France, Germany, Italy and Switzerland. The total area of Canada mapped to the standard necessary for the issue of topographical maps in 1927 was approximately 9,900 square miles while geographic mapping covered in the neighborhood of 21,000 square miles.

U. S. Farmers Pour Into West.

The number of farmers leaving Nebraska to take up residence in Canada is rapidly increasing. The scheduled quota for this year is already twice the number of last year, which was double the number of 1926, itself in turn was double that of 1925.

Japanese Oranges Popular.

"Mikans," Japan's thin-skinned oranges, are growing in popularity in Canada and the United States. More than 6,000 tons of the Japan oranges—which resemble a tangerine—were shipped to Victoria and Vancouver in a single week during the height of the harvest.

Imports $250,000,000 of Timber.

Timber worth something like $250,000,000 is imported into Great Britain every year.

In Britain's Prisons.

People in Britain's prisons average 10,860 daily.

Height of a Fir Tree.

Fir trees sometimes reach a height of 120 feet.

1,380,000,000 Candle-power.

A light ray with a beam of 1,380,000,000 candle-power, which is visible for a distance of 250 miles, has been installed at Charlottesville, Virginia, to guide pilots of air mails. If the light were shining towards a man at a distance of fifty miles he could read a newspaper by it.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

10.30 a.m.—Public Worship.

11.45—Sunday School.

6.30 p.m.—Organ recital by Prof Baird.

7 p.m.—Public Worship.

Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Young People's Society.

Euchre and Dance.

On Wednesday, March 7th, the regular scheduled euchre and dance will be held in the rooms of Napanee Lodge No. 86, I.O.O.F.

Wall Finishes.

Muresco for your walls and ceilings, also Alabastine, a satisfactory cold water finish.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Missionary Lecture.

Rev. (Dr.) J. Frazer Smith, formerly of Honan, China, will give an illustrated lecture on "China, yesterday, to-day and to-morrow," in St. Andrew's church on Wednesday night, Mar. 7th, at 7.30 o'clock, under the auspices of St. Andrew's W.M.S. Grace and Trinity churches are uniting in this service and all interested in this subject are cordially invited.

"Headstrong Joan," a comedy drama in 3 acts, under the auspices of the Maple Leaf Women's Institute, will be put on in the North Fredericksburgh Town Hall on March 9th, by the Big Creek Dramatic Club.

Rev. J. A. Jewell, a former honored and beloved minister in the Bay of Quinte conference, of the former Methodist church, who passed away in Toronto on Tuesday, will be remembered by quite a number of people in town and North Fredericksburgh in particular, he having been the minister on the Bay Circuit many years ago.

The Community Players presented their new comedy, "Slickes," to a packed house in the Roblin L.O.L. hall on Wednesday last. Everyone present enjoyed the show immensely, and immediately after the performance the Players were re-engaged to present their next show, which will be ready shortly after Easter, in the same hall.

Much sympathy is expressed on all sides in the sad bereavement which has befallen Mr. and Mrs. Herkimer Benn, in the sudden death of their five-year-old daughter, Marjorie. The little girl developed appendicitis on Monday evening of last week, and on consultation with a physician it was decided to take her at once to the Kingston General Hospital for an operation, she passing away before the operation could be peformed. The remains were brought to Napanee and taken to the home of her grandparents, Mr and Mrs. Hamilton Loucks, where the service was held on Wednesday afternoon, Rev. W. P. Woodger officiating.

The Tropical Room.

The other day a man applied for a post in the French Colonial services. In order to test him to see if he were fitted to live in a tropical climate the candidate was placed in a specially-constructed room, lined with cork to maintain an even temperature.

The room itself was made of metal encased in wood, and there was a door of double glass. It was very hot inside, the temperature corresponding to that of the place in which the man was to live.

A bicycle in the room provided him with exercise, and his muscular energy was tested. The reactions of his body were also measured. Food was handed in through a special opening in the wall, so that the atmosphere was not disturbed.

He Was Just Wonderful.

I believe the funniest joke I ever heard, says Lady Oxford and Asquith, concerned a young man and his bride on their honeymoon.

Upon their first night at Monte Carlo they strolled down to the beach in the moonlight and sat there gazing out over the water.

Presently the man quoted: "Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll!"

Whereupon the young bride grasped her husband's arm and exclaimed: "Oh, Richard, dear, look—how wonderful you are—it's doing it!"

THE MILLS HATCHERY.

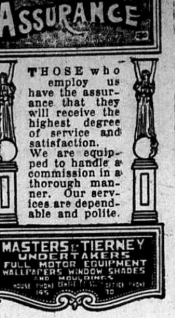
Started operations Feb. 29th and are again ready for your eggs in any quantity.

Hatch Early.

Early hatched chicks grow better, fewer of them die, the broilers bring more money because of being sold earlier on a higher market, and the pullets mature in time to lay high priced fall and winter eggs.

We have four Buckeye Mammoth Incubators, with a combined capacity of 36000 eggs, and as these machines are the latest and best, and with our eight years' experience, it will pay you to let us hatch all your eggs for you, thus giving you maximum amount of quality chicks with no work or worry on your part whatever. And we positively guarantee you will get your own chicks from your own eggs. Try us for satisfaction.

THE M. B. MILLS CO.,
15-b Napanee.



THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

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FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
WALLPAPERS WINDOW SHADES
AND MOULDINGS
HOUSE PHONE 145 OFFICE PHONE 70

Jesus said, Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: And they are they which testify of me. And ye will not come to me, that ye might have life," John 5, 39, 40; "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you; for him hath God the Father sealed Then said they unto Him, What shall we do, that we might work the works of God? Jesus answered and said unto them, This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom He hath sent," John 6: 27-29.

For the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth,
Over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise,
This our hymn of grateful praise.

A BIBLE LOVER.

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

In contrast to the recent light comedy roles in which he has scored such a success in his last few pictures, Jack Mulhall is to be seen in a dramatic characterization in "THE CRYSTAL CUP."

Also a good comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

J. Farrell Macdonald, appearing as the gentleman from Pittsburgh, in "PAID TO LOVE."

And a two reel comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Lawrence Grey plays the leading male role in Norma Shearer's new starring vehicle, "AFTER MIDNIGHT," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.

And a special comedy.

Coming—"The Big Parade,"—March 19th, 20th, 21st.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop
Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

SWIMS AND RUNS, NERVOUS MAN GAINS 9 LBS.

"I swim and run much better now than I ever could, due to Vinol. Nervousness is gone, and I gained 9 pounds."—Alfred Maio.

Vinol is a delicious compound of cod liver peptone, iron, etc. Nervous, easily tired, anemic people are surprised how Vinol gives new pep, sound sleep and a BIG appetite. The very FIRST bottle often adds several pounds weight to thin children or adults. Tastes delicious. Wallace's Drug Store.

Poultry Wanted.

Highest cash prices paid for live poultry. Try us for satisfaction.

THE M. B. MILLS CO.

Prompt Collections

AMONG the innumerable advantges of using the services of the Standard Bank to make your collections by draft, is the efficient **promptness** with which you may close transactions by placing the details in our hands. Owing to exceptionally favorable arrangements with our various agents, we are able to handle collections at minimum rates through our exclusive connections.

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA
ESTABLISHED 1873

H. R. McHOULL
Manager, Napanee Branch
Branches also at Belleville,
Camden East, Deseronto, Newburgh, Tamworth

Did You Ever Stop to Think

——Just what a ten dollar bill which a farmer spends in his home town may accomplish? Let us follow it around. Probably the dry goods merchant gets it first. He passes it on to the hardware merchant in payment of an account. The hardware merchant pays it in wages to one of his employees. This employee pays it to his landlady, who pays a grocery bill with it. The grocer can then pay his butcher. The butcher passes this on to his produce merchant, and this produce merchant, buying largely from the farmer, passes this ten dollars back to the farmer, from whom it originally came. Thus it has, in its ramblings among the home town people served many useful purposes and yet it is still in the community to again serve.

If Sent Away to Distant Merchants

——That ten dollar bill is gone for good. It may serve to build up the large city elsewhere. But so far as the home community is concerned its usefulness is at an end, and the community has been drained of just that much working capital.

When in Need of Printing

——Remember that orders left with your home town printer will serve to pay wages of workmen who in turn spend this money with local business houses, thus serving to maintain that round of business which is necessary in order that rural towns throughout Canada may flourish and prosper.

The Napanee Express
Printing House

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association
313 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

Kimmerly's Specials

Creamery Butter 39c. lb., 3 Pkgs. Lux 28c., 21 Bars Pearl Naptha Soap $1.00, 1 lb. Green or Black Tea 50c., 6 lbs. Stock Salts or Sulphur 25c., Five Roses Flour $4.20 cwt., St. Lawrence Granulated Sugar $6.50 cwt. Fresh Lettuce and Celery daily.

14 lbs. Granulated Sugar $1.00. Lots Bran, Shorts and Salt on hand. All Canned Goods 2 for 25c., Good 4 String Broom 37c., Pure Lard 17c., Shortening 15c. Fresh Green Vegetables daily.

LUX

CAMEO KIRBY

By Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson

Adapted From the Play of the Same Name by W. B. M. Ferguson

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(Continued from page 3)

"I'd wait for her till the Lord quit making minutes," replied Kirby. "When she comes I'll go."

Once more Bunce helplessly appealed to an invisible audience for pity, for compassion, at his thus being associated with an utter lunatic.

"You pore lost soul!" he finally groaned. "Do you think I don't know what's the matter with you? I seen you look at her. What business have you got hangin' around a lady, even if you wouldn't git shot for just comin' here? What chance have you got with a lady anyway? Ain't there women enough in the world? You know no lady would have anything to do with our kind. You got no business"—

"I don't hurt her if I only look at her, do I?" snapped Kirby, whirling upon his partner in sudden passion. "My God, if a man's been outside the walls for years you can't blame him for wanting to look at the flowers a minute if he gets into the garden some day. That can't harm them."

"Gene, do you know you're crazy yourself?" sadly pronounced Bunce, with a shake of the head. "They say them loonies do know it sometimes. And a nice, crazy turn you done me, too, tying me up here with folks like these," he added, with vehement reproach as full realization of his many wrongs overcame him. "You know I never had nothin' to say to no ladies, and as soon as I ever see one I choke up, and my neck gets hot and my ears git red. Interduced me as his secretary," again appealing to the invisible audience. "Waugh! Secretary! I'd make a h— of a secretary, wouldn't I? Come on, Gene. Pry yourself loose from all this darn foolishness before it's too late"—

"I've already given you my decision," interrupted Kirby, with some asperity. "But, Larkin, don't let my affairs detain you."

Bunce, after a farewell invocation of the heavens, resigned himself to the inevitable and, seating himself on the garden seat, proceeded to pick his teeth, while he fastened a plaintive and expectant eye on the distant house.

The partners sat in moody silence for some time until at length their reveries were interrupted by the advent of Judge Pleydell, Mr. Randall and M. Veaudry. The judge had but returned from the steamboat landing, and as he approached the occupants of the garden seat his expression was of so serious a character that Bunce, ever on the lookout for trouble, now scented danger and, nudging his companion, jumped to his feet. But Kirby, though wary eyed, remained outwardly cool and entirely self possessed and, embracing this heaven sent opportunity of further aggravating his partner, promptly introduced the latter as "my secretary."

"Colonel Moreau, sir," began the judge, somewhat astonished at the ferocity of Mr. Bunce's bow, "I have the most astonishing piece of news for you. What would you say if I told you that you had no right to be here at all, sir?"

As Pleydell, preserving his stern demeanor, laid a hand on Kirby's shoulder his companions exchanged startled and significant glances, while Mr. Bunce grew apologetic and edged nearer his partner. All eyes were now on Kirby, but his expression of mild surprise and courteous interest never changed.

"Well, I reckon I'd have to say that the joke was on me, judge," he calmly replied.

Pleydell began to laugh.

"Well, sir, according to rumor, you ain't here. According to rumor, you ain't anywhere, because you're dead." To him it was a huge joke, and he roared until the tears mingled with his snowy mustache, all ignorant of the fact that he had propounded a literal truth; ignorant of the fact that his companions were still significantly eyeing each other and that Mr. Bunce was having exceeding difficulty with his collar. In fact, Kirby was the sole member of the interested audience who appeared to appreciate the full humor of the situation.

"When is my funeral?" he asked, with a smile. "I don't want to miss that."

His composure somewhat recovered; but, still chuckling and occasionally going off into another spasm of laughter, the judge proceeded to explain the manner in which he had gained the interesting information.

"The afternoon steamer does not stop, sir, and I am obliged to row out in a boat to get my letters. The news was shouted to us from the deck as she moved away. All I could catch was the words, 'Colonel Moreau dead,' and I think they added, 'This morning.' The distance was too great for me to secure any further items from that interesting liar, sir."

And, still laughing, Pleydell clapped Kirby on the shoulder, while Mr. Bunce, drawing his first long breath, mutely thanked the Almighty that all guilelessness and innocence had not entirely deserted mankind when the serpent entered Eden.

But it was apparent that Mr. Randall and M. Veaudry owned more discernment and that their quick suspicions, previously aroused, had now become active, pregnant with danger. It so happened that they were now augmented by none other than the General, who would have died rather than wittingly betray his trust. During the judge's discourse the boy had joined the group, seeking out Kirby as his natural companion. Looking at the other's hand and again at his breast, the General suddenly exclaimed: "I know what all those things are that you wear. They're cameos."

"Cameos," exclaimed Aaron under his breath, his eyes returning to those of M. Veaudry.

Meanwhile Adele had been busily preparing for her last mute appeal to Kirby to remain. For the first time since her father's death she discarded mourning and in its place arrayed herself in a treasured evening gown of white satin purchased in Paris before the long shadow had descended upon the family fortunes. She was determined to look her best that night and in this feminine maneuver was enthusiastically supported by her aunt and Ann Pleydell, who, if they did not suspect the cause, were entirely happy with the result, for they had long been urging the girl to discard the morbid preoccupation and settled misery which had threatened to sap vitality, embitter life; anxiously sought and hoped for some means of transforming her into the girl she once had been.

"I HAVE THE MOST ASTOUNDING PIECE OF NEWS FOR YOU."

It now appeared as if their most optimistic desires had materialized, for it had been many a long day since Adele had evinced such anxious care and pride in her toilet, assumed the necessary duty with such lightsome heart and eager, feverish fingers. With pardonable vanity she closely scanned her reflection in the mirror, seeking a blemish and finding it not. Indeed, her toilet finished, the result more than justified her elaborate and careful preparation. As a finishing touch she pinned in her coiffure the white camellia which Kirby had discarded, and, conscious that she had done her very best in this important detail of her maneuver, she repaired to the veranda, accompanied by Mme. Davezac and Miss Pleydell, suitably attired for the evening.

The moon had now risen, flooding the garden with its brilliant light and disclosing Mr. Randall and M. Veaudry standing a little apart from the others, their attitude eloquent of hostile suspicion. A pregnant silence had succeeded the General's exclamation, a silence broken at length by a tense whisper from Bunce.

"Come, Gene," he urged, catching the other's arm. "The boy has let it out. Look at that man's face," indicating Aaron Randall.

Kirby nodded imperceptibly while he calmly patted the General's head.

"Gentlemen," he said, bowing to the others, "I regret I am taking my leave. I only wait to say goodby to Miss Randall."

"Who is it speaks of leaving?" suddenly demanded Adele's clear voice, and, turning, they all saw the ladies watching them from the veranda. "Colonel Moreau," added the girl, coming down the steps and approaching Kirby, while Mme. Davezac and Ann Pleydell echoed her protests, "you cannot think of leaving. Dinner is served, and your place at table is next to me. Will you give me your arm?" smiling up into his eyes.

The full significance of her change of attire, the delicate but overwhelming compliment paid by the white camellia and the message it mutely conveyed, the great honor shown him, the overpowering appeal which this new, wondrous, resplendent Adele made to his already captive senses, wiped out in a breath all Kirby's hitherto adamantine resolution and fixity of purpose, obliterated all thoughts of the future or care for his present danger.

"Now git to those hosses," implored Bunce, sensing that his partner was in peril of yielding dominion to this feminine appeal. "Git to the hosses, Gene."

"Hang the horses!" cried Kirby recklessly. "I'm going to dinner with a lady."

Throwing whip and hat on the garden seat, he bowed to Adele and offered his arm, while Larkin Bunce, inwardly raging at this new and sublime act of lunacy, turned helplessly to his sympathetic but invisible audience.

CHAPTER X.

DUE in a great measure to Kirby's and Adele's high spirits, which infected all but three members of the company, the dinner in honor of Colonel Moreau was an entire success and, in fact, could not have been surpassed had that unfortunate gentleman himself been present. Judge Pleydell, believing that he was assisting to entertain one who by championing the cause of the Randalls, while at the same time ridding the community of the notorious Cameo Kirby, had earned his lasting esteem and gratitude, told his best stories in his happiest vein, and Mme. Davezac, together with Ann Pleydell, suffering under the same delusion, put forth every effort to charm, even going to the length of heartily applauding the judge's most venerable and moth ravaged yarns.

No mean raconteur himself, Kirby ransacked his vast store of personal experience for interesting topics of conversation that would bear rehearsal in the present company, and even Bunce, finally and unwillingly drawn by some mysterious spell into the vortex of small talk, carefully selected, as befitted a "secretary," the least innocuous of his many escapades and ventured to confide it to the demure ear of his dinner partner, Miss Pleydell. This heroic action of the old river gambler—for he was desperately embarrassed at the honor shown him and thoroughly cognizant what must be the inevitable and tragic ending of his partner's reckless action—is sufficient testimony to the fact that the preoccupied manner of M. Veaudry, coupled with Mr. Randall's grave silence and studied courtesy toward Kirby, had no effect upon the spirits of the company, if, indeed, their demeanor was even noted by the majority.

Before entering the house the two gentlemen in question had come to an understanding regarding the status of their guest, concurring in the opinion that he was impersonating the gentleman in whose honor the dinner had been planned. But Aaron alone had found a sinister significance in the General's observation to the effect that Kirby wore a quantity of cameos, and, although he lacked authentic evidence upon which to erect his suspicions, while likewise granting that it was an amazing and unbelievable action for one to deliberately walk into the house of his enemies, he vaguely sensed that the pseudo Colonel Moreau was none other than the notorious Eugene Kirby.

Still, Aaron Randall was a strictly just and upright man, who was fully aware of the many crimes committed in the name of circumstantial evidence. Slow to pronounce judgment, he was quick to act when once assured that in no sense would justice be violated. Moreover, Adele, in whose integrity and force of character he had the firmest belief and for whom he had the highest regard and proof of whose acumen he had had ample testimony, vouched for the imposture and even confessed complicity if not actual initiative in the same. In the absence of Tom Randall she was absolute mistress, with the right to act as she deemed fit, and had, moreover, exacted his word of honor that he would trust her until the arrival of her brother. Even had he been satisfied with the truth of his conjectures regarding Kirby's identity this promise to Adele would have pledged Aaron to secrecy, and M. Veaudry, being subsequently acquainted with the compact, likewise agreed that it could not be violated.

For the young creole this passive role was extremely difficult, and it was eloquent proof of his self command and personal integrity, coupled with those refined instincts bestowed by gentle birth and breeding, that he considered Aaron's promise equally binding upon himself and, repressing all promptings of jealousy, refrained from denouncing Kirby as an impostor. The successful suit of an honorable rival would have been difficult enough to recognize, but this encroachment of a stranger who at the best was a masquerader if not a character more sinister and disreputable was intolerable, for M. Veaudry had gathered from Mr. Randall's manner that he suspected their guest of being guilty of something more criminal than assuming a name to which he had no right.

Thus, even while the young creole and Aaron prayed that Tom Randall's arrival would be hastened and coincident with it free vent could be given to their suspicions, Larkin Bunce earnestly hoped to the contrary—hoped that Kirby would suddenly realize his danger, growing the more deadly and certain as every minute passed, and would ride for the river before the coming of Nemesis.

But evidently nothing was more remote from that reckless young gentleman's intention, for, unmindful of his partner's increasing uneasiness and that both were the object of watchful, hostile eyes, he continued to act as if time and opportunity had been created solely for Adele and himself. Dinner finally at an end, he and his young hostess, entirely absorbed in each other's society, sought the drawing room balcony, while the others, with the exception of Bunce, indulged in a game of piquet, M. Veaudry proving a wretched partner, his entire attention being occupied with the couple on the balcony.

M. Veaudry, owing to his preoccupation, proving such a thankless partner, Mme. Davezac at last turned to Bunce and suggested that he and Kirby join the game in lieu of the young creole and the judge.

"Eh, truly, Anatole," she added, with some asperity, tapping the other's arm with her fan, "you cannot keep your mind on the game, and so we are unable to play. Will you surrender your place to Colonel Moreau?"

"It seems to me that I have already done that," he responded gloomily.

With as good grace as possible yielding to the dictates of courtesy, Kirby unwillingly terminated his tete-a-tete with Adele, and as he approached the card table his place was promptly preempted by the young Creole, who followed Miss Randall to the balcony. It was the first time he had been alone with Adele, and his long repressed emotion and bitterness found vent.

"Ah, mamzelle, it is true," he said reproachfully. "You are changed—so quickly. Yes, you will say I wanted to see you happier, but I also had wished to be the one to make you so, Adele," he added earnestly, striving to take her hand, "if this difference in you comes only from the gratitude you feel to—to Colonel Moreau because he tried to protect your father I shall be happy. But how have this man bewitched you that"—

"I don't understand you, Anatole," she said quietly, drawing away.

"'Tis I that do not understand you, Adele. I think you know from the first he is not Colonel Moreau. I have some very strange suspicion of him."

Instantly the woman in her was up in arms, seeking to defend, eager to do battle for the object it sought to shield. "It is enough that I know he is a man who has had a great wrong done him. That's one way of making a woman believe that you love her—when she's trying to help some one in trouble, make it harder for her—be jealous," she finished, with a bitter laugh.

"I am jealous—I do not deny that. But I am, first of all things, a man of honor," he said quietly enough, although white with anger. His voice trembled with emotion as he added, with simple dignity: "Do you think a man of honor have suspicion of a rival only because he is jealous? Do you think I would suspect him only for that?"

"I can't discuss it with you," she returned coldly. Leaning on the balcony railing, she promptly became absorbed in the wonders of the night.

Recognizing the sign of dismissal, he yet hesitated, miserably conscious that he had offended, but still feeling justified in the position he had assumed, still holding that those emotions which had prompted his words were but natural, impersonal and sincere. It was his right to protect the girl he loved from the wiles of a nameless adventurer, of whose integrity he had the gravest doubts. It was his right to protect her from herself, for, deny it as she might, it was all too bitterly apparent that this debonair impostor had succeeded where others had failed and that Adele had discarded all sorrow with her mourning and was yielding to a fascination that he firmly believed would prove her ruin.

While he still hesitated, afraid to make an enemy of the girl he loved, yet stubborn in his resolution to thwart Kirby, Aaron Randall, suspecting some such controversy as had taken place, joined them on the balcony, and Anatole, with evident relief, turned again to Adele.

"Mademoiselle, here is your cousin. He will not be thought to be jealous," he said gravely. "I ask him to tell you what he will not tell me. I ask him to tell you what he thinks about this gentleman."

"Cousin Aaron," replied the girl, turning and confronting the two from whom she had most to fear, "in my brother's absence you respect my authority here, do you not? Very well, then. My introduction of this gentleman as Colonel Moreau is enough for you."

"It must be, Cousin Adele," replied Aaron, evidently greatly perplexed and troubled.

"And I am responsible for my actions only to my brother," added the girl, looking directly at M. Veaudry.

He flushed under the scrutiny of her eyes and the significant inflection of her voice.

"In his absence I would protect you, I would act for him," he protested desperately.

"You may when you have his authority. Until then I bid you adieu." And, with an elaborate courtesy and pleasant smile, she vanished through the window, while the gentlemen remained on the balcony, a prey to the most disquieting thoughts.

"I CAN'T DISCUSS IT WITH YOU,' SHE SAID COLDLY.

"You see how she have change—in this one day—with him," bitterly exclaimed Anatole, pointing through the open window to where in a distant corner of the room Kirby sat at the

(Continued on page 6)

ARCHDEACON OF ARCTIC

His Parish Is From Sea to Sea and His People All the One People.

Life sometimes launches a man in the most matter of course fashion only to carry him on desperate adventures and far.

A young naval architect in Glasgow was riding to business in the train, reading the paper, and he noticed an item to the effect that the Bishop of Moosonee, visiting in England, had asked for a young man to volunteer for work amongst the Eskimo and none had answered the call.

The 23-year-old designer in a shipbuilding firm raised his eyes from the newspaper and remembered many things: stories he had read in childhood about adventures in strange lands; stories a sister had told him, when a little fellow, about seeing an Eskimo off a whaler at Dundee. He remembered speaking of Eskimos in his childish prayers that night. Last, he recalled his years at the University of Glasgow and his participation in the Christian Union there. So he wrote to the Bishop of Moosonee, and volunteered to go and work amongst the Eskimo.

Two years passed with nothing but letters between the bishop and the volunteer, when the bishop returned to England. But London is a long way from Glasgow, much, much further than Glasgow is from London. Meeting the bishop seemed as far away as ever to the designer in the drafting room. But quite unexpectedly the young man was called into the manager's office and advised that he was wanted to go to London for a few days to investigate some Admiralty plans and tenders.

And not long after, in July, 1909, a little 50-ton fishing schooner sailed into one of the desolate bays of Baffin Land and set ashore Rev. J. W. Bilby, an experienced missionary to the Eskimos, and his junior, A. L. Fleming.

Mr. Fleming came to Toronto and studied at Wycliffe College, being ordained deacon in 1912 and to full orders the following year.

He mastered the Eskimo language sufficiently to enable him to preach to them, and naturally to travel and live amongst them. He was the first missionary to cross the Grinnell Glacier to Frobisher Bay. Later, he was the first white man to cross the hinterland of Baffin Land from Hudson Strait to Fox Channel. He was married in Toronto in 1913 and then returned alone to the Arctic for two years, travelling each year over 2,000 miles by sledge and on foot, visiting the widely scattered communities of the Eskimo. When he returned on his second furlough from the Arctic in 1916 he was in poor health and he went to St. John's Church, St. John, N.B., as locum tenens, during the absence of the rector overseas. After the war he served in Toronto with the D.S.C.R. and later joined Wycliffe College again as chaplain and financial secretary, until, in 1921, he was called to St. John's Church as rector.

But his experience and understanding of the Arctic missionary problem were of peculiar value to the church and again he was called to the Arctic, this time as archdeacon of the vastest diocese and the lonliest a man was ever called upon to administer. He visited it again last summer, and will visit it from season to season, next season going to the western Arctic down the Mackenzie river and home by the sea around the end of Alaska and down the Pacific coast.

Archdeacon Fleming offered articles to the Toronto Star Weekly in the hope that they would inspire a greater popular understanding of the problem that faces Canadians in the preservation of a race of people unfitted to cope with civilization unless coached in the fullest and kindliest way.

Expansion of Canada.

In a speech recently President Beatty, of the C.P.R., said: During the past quarter of a century wheat production has increased more than seven times, live stock threefold and dairy production more than four times. Manufacturing production has grown sixfold and that of minerals from $65,000,000 to $240,000,000. The growth of imports and exports has been equally remarkable. Imports have increased over five times, and exports between seven and eight times. In 1926 imports totalled $927,000,000 and exports $1,300,000,000. While this extraordinary growth has been recorded the population of the country has not even doubled.

Pearls From Fish Scales.

A plant has recently been established at Nanaimo for the manufacture of an essence derived from the scale of herrings under a process discovered by American scientists from which lustrous pearls can be made. The plant is equipped to handle 10,000 pounds of herring scales per day, and the first shipment of the essence has been made to New York, where it is being converted into artificial pearls.

The Modern Girl.

Very Modern Girl (to fiancee): "Freddie, what a charming little ornament you have sent me. But what is it? It's made of gold, but it's not a brooch, or a ring, or a bracelet. I have never seen anything like it.

Freddie: "It's a thimble."

Agricultural Courses.

The University of Alberta gives courses in agriculture lasting ten days.

Coal From Alberta Mines.

Alberta's coal production in 1927 amounted to 6,936,755 tons.

Picture Theatres In Britain.

There are 3,800 picture theatres in Great Britain.

An "Ultra-Whistle."

German police are using an amazing new device to aid in tracking down criminals — an "ultra-whistle" that summons police dogs without giving the faintest audible sound to warn the fugitive. The sound wave it emits is of more than 40,000 vibrations a second—too high-pitched for the human ear to hear, but the dog's sensitive ear, it is said, detects and understands it.

A Norwegian girl of 19 has a master's certificate entitling her to the command of steamers up to 250 tons.

MONTREAL'S ARCHIVIST

KEEPS RECORDS OF THREE CENTURIES OF LIFE IN CANADA.

Edouard Z. Massicotte Can Show You Signatures of Maissonneuve, Champlain and Frontenac—Has Music of Nine Hundred Folksongs.

Thousands of individuals all over the world seek phantom fortunes. And Edouard Z. Massicotte, for eighteen years archivist of the district of Montreal, believes that almost all of them turn to him in the course of their search.

During an average month Mr. Massicotte receives upward of three hundreds letters enquiring as to properties deeded to ancestors of the writers in the early days of Canadian history. These letters come from every quarter of the globe, from the United States, Britain, Europe; from China, Australia, the Cape Colony. It is scarcely necessary to add that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, hope is father to belief and the archivist is forced to report that there is no ground for any claim.

Only a few weeks ago two spinster sisters wrote from Chicago for data on which they intended to base a claim to a property in the business centre of Montreal, now occupied by an office building valued at over a million dollars. Their dream of fortune had as its sole foundation the fact that a tablet displayed in the building named one of their ancestors among other successive holders of the land under the French regime!

Buried away in a sub-basement of Montreal's old Court House lie the records of three centuries of French-Canadian life. In this secluded treasure house, says a writer in the Toronto Star Weekly, Mr. Massicotte stands guard over approximately four million notarial deeds, some of which date back as far as 1648. Here also are to be found the civil registers of births, marriages and burials back to the year 1642, when the first daring French explorer established a settlement on the St. Lawrence in the shadow of Mount Royal.

Life and death rub shoulders upon yellow, time-worn pages. The world's most concise biographies are marshalled before the eye by the hundred thousand — lives of nation builders and warriors whose names ring loud in the pages of our history, boiled down to the essential facts—they were born and they were buried.

Other sections of Mr. Massicotte's archives supply more personal contact with the heroes of old Canada, however. He can show the signatures of such men as the Sieur de Maissonneuve, Samuel de Champlain, the Comte de Frontenac, attached to notarial deeds, contracts and ordinances.

It would be difficult to find a man so fitted for the custodianship of the records of an old Dominion as the present archivist. One might say that Mr. Massicotte grew up with Canada, for he was born in the year of Confederation and has spent his entire life in Montreal.

He is a delver into the past by inclination as well as by training, a careful and erudite scholar, possessed at the same time of an imagination capable of coloring the drabbest page of history with romance. He is a skilled man of letters, the author of innumerable essays and papers on history and folklore, a zealous collector and a courteous informant.

Mr. Massicotte's never-flagging zeal for research is yearly throwing new light into the dark corners of Canada's childhood. Searching through the vast mass of material under his care he has given to the public stories of gallant battles between the colonists and the Indians and of individual deeds of heroism which had been slighted by other historians. At the present moment he is at work on a paper dealing with the typical furniture and woodcarving of the French Regime.

His work, though, does not end with the chronicling of dead deeds and customs. Acting as president of the Province of Quebec Folklore Society, he recently preserved a native art from complete extinction. The "ceinture fleches" or "arrow scarfs" woven in rich colors in the backwoods of Quebec have long been highly prized by wealthy lovers of winter sports. Their weaving was a secret, held until two years ago by a few old habitant women, whose years were numbered. With their passing the craft would have died. Mr. Massicotte induced one of the elderly weavers to come to the Mother House of the Sisters of Providence at Montreal, where she instructed two nuns in the mysteries of the art. This knowledge they are now able to hand on to the present generation of French-Canadian women.

"If you would know a people, know the songs they sing," some philosopher has written. If you know the French-Canadian pioneer of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, you must study the collection of habitant folk songs and music compiled by the Montreal archivist in collaboration with M. Barbeau of Ottawa. In the district of Montreal Mr. Massicotte discovered over five thousand folksongs, the music of some nine hundred of which he has preserved for coming generations.

Has Immigration Department.

The Grand Lodge of British America's immigration department will be represented in the British Isles, and it is proposed to send a representative to the Scandinavian countries.

Airplanes for Abyssinia.

Abyssinia recently purchased five airplanes from the United States.

Developing China Clay Deposits.

Saskatchewan deposits of china clay at East End are being developed, according to Hon. A. P. McNab. The clay has proven ideal for the manufacture of china, he says. It is shipped to Medicine Hat for manufacture. At Estevan another clay suitable for manufacture of floor tile is under development.

Ancient Medical Book.

The oldest medical book in existence is an Egyptian papyrus of 1600 B.C., which has been translated into a book of about 600 pages.

SON OF A ZULU CHIEF

Father Gave Him to a Missionary—Married White Girl and Lives In England.

How the son of a Zulu tribesman was adopted by an English missionary, rose to a position of influence in South Africa, received a present from the King and Queen for his services, later came to England, married an English girl and became a Kent farmer, was revealed to a representative of the London News.

Mr. Albert Makaula-White of Mottingham is 60 years old. His close-cropped, crinkley hair is almost white. His skin is weatherbeaten, a deep brown, and his face is furrowed.

"I was born on the Rivera river, a tributary to the Umzinvubu, the second son of Makaulu, chief of the Baca tribe, which is known all over South Africa," he said. "My adoption by the Rev. Charles White, who came from St. Albans, is a rather romantic episode. I was given to the missionary by my father at the suggestion of my grandmother, because I was a delicate baby, and it was considered unlucky for the chief to send out his armies to fight the neighboring tribes while sickness existed at the Great House.

"My mother was detailed by my father to carry me on her back a distance of about 20 miles to the mission station at Tshungwana—the English call it 'Osborne'—where the Rev. Mr. White presided. My father followed on horseback and upon arrival he said to the missionary: 'Here is a thing that I have brought you; if it lives it is yours, if it dies bury it'."

Mr. Makaula-White added the missionary's surname to his own and lived with him for fifteen years. Having first learned English, he was 16 before he picked up his native Zulu tongue. At that age he was headmaster of a native school which had between 200 and 300 pupils. In 1888 he came to England for six months, and again in 1890 for two years at Richmond College. In 1891 he married Miss Botting, of Shorne, Kent, and he returned with her to South Africa the next year. He became an interpreter at Idutwya, and worked for Cecil Rhodes. Next he was appointed chief constable of the district of Libode, in Pondoland West.

When the present King and Queen visited Cape Town in 1901, Mr. Makaula-White came down with all the neighboring chiefs to pay his respects, and acted as interpreter for his father.

He proudly exhibited a silver watch bearing the royal crest and inscribed: "From the Duke and Duchess of York and Cornwall, 1901—to Makaula," which had been sent to him in token of appreciation of his services. He is also very proud of the silver chain with the roses of York interwoven.

Mr. Makaula-White brought his wife and three children, a daughter and two sons, to England in 1904, and has been farming in Kent ever since. "I was the first aboriginal native to be initiated as a Freemason in England," he asserted. "I might have been back in Africa now, a heathen tribesman, if it had not been for that missionary. My brother is head of the Baca tribe now. I might have been dispensing Baca hospitality from that"—he pointed to a huge gourd—"instead of pouring out for you a civilized cup of tea."

Royalties' British Investments.

According to an eminent banker the general public would be considerably surprised if it could learn of the extensive manner in which foreign royalties invest in British stock. The King of Spain, according to this authority, has a very large proportion of his huge private fortune invested in British securities, and so has the King of Italy. The ex-kaiser is still suspected of drawing dividends from London through third parties. King Edward some years ago advised the late Czar of Russia to place his money in British stock, and as a result of this advice members of the ex-Russian Imperial House now find themselves much better off than would otherwise have been the case.

Bible Relic Left In Will.

Sir Robert Hudson, of Hill Hall, Theydon Mount, Essex, England, bequeathed his framed page of the Vulgate, printed by Gutenberg between 1450 and 1455, "which was not merely the first printed Bible, but the first book printed from moveable type," to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

His framed leaf of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," printed by Caxton in 1478, he left to Westminster Hospital.

Range of Lodgepole Pine.

In Canada the range of the lodgepole pine extends over the whole of British Columbia and into the Yukon Territory on the north and the western part of Alberta on the east. Isolated stands are also found on the Cypress Hills in the southern portions of Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Travelling Clinics.

The travelling clinics introduced by the Alberta Government, consisting of three nurses, two doctors and a dentist, to visit rural districts in Northern Alberta, have been so successful that it is proposed to extend this work to cover the entire province.

Tortoise.

The tortoise is the longest lived of land animals. One of the giant Galapagos Island tortoises which died in the Zoo in 1906 was believed to be 350 years old.

Dyspepsia.

Dyspepsia is said to be more prevalent among unmarried men and women between the ages of thirty and fifty than among their married brothers and sisters.

Reindeer Meat.

Reindeer meat may find its way to the dining-rooms of Western Canada if the plans of the Dominion Reindeer Company are successful. This organization, which is now actively engaged in the reindeer business in Alaska is moving 4,000 fawns this spring to a lease of 300,000 acres in the McKenzie river territory, which is being granted by the Federal Government. It is estimated that sales of reindeer meat in 1929 will be $9,000 increasing to $45,000 in the following year.

CAMEO KIRBY

By Booth Tarkington
AND
Harry Leon Wilson

Adapted From the Play of the Same Name by W. B. M. Ferguson

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(Continued from page 5)

card table. Mr. Randall merely nodded and gloomily chewed his cheroot. He was facing a difficult problem and praying for the arrival of young Randall.

Presently from the music room there came the subdued harmony of a guitar and harp, and when the soft prelude had finished Adele's fine contralto took up the theme, singing, "I sent thee late a rose wreath, not so much honoring thee." It was Kirby's favorite song, snatches of which Anatole had heard the other humming at intervals since his arrival. Clearer, sweeter, purer sounded the words until the music ascended like an anthem and came stealing out of the window to mingle with the soft murmur of the night, to blend with the unheard, far distant harmony of the stars. Anatole stood transfixed, a prey to the bitterest emotions to which man was ever hostage.

"You hear?" he cried passionately, turning to Aaron. "For the first time since how long? Now she wear no more black. Now she is no more silent. Now she sing, not for her brother, not for those who love her, not for me"—

"No; it's for Colonel Moreau," finished the older man, throwing away his cigar.

The creole laughed harshly, contemptuously, his black eyes snapping with passion. "For 'Colonel Moreau?' I dare you—look me in the face and say that man is Colonel Moreau," waving a trembling hand to the window.

"I shall tell you nothing," replied Aaron sternly. "No matter what I suspect, I don't know. And I won't let a man be killed until I do know."

"When you met this man you did not know him," said Anatole, with slow significance. "I think to myself—who can he be? I make a guess and another guess and another guess, but I am not sure."

"Exactly," commented Mr. Randall, with some sharpness. "There you are. You are not sure. Neither am I. There is nothing to do but to await Tom Randall's arrival or, failing that, some authority from him, instructing us how to act; otherwise our honor binds us, and we must meet this difficult matter with such patience and fortitude as we may possess. At the same time I thoroughly understand your feelings, and you have my entire sympathy. Let us pray this unbearable suspense will soon be terminated, for I make a poor and unwilling conspirator."

Meanwhile, at the card table, Messrs. Kirby and Bunce had been acting, for the benefit of the audience, a farce comedy bordering on the burlesque. Two seasoned gamblers, men who knew every game and trick embraced in cards and to whom the pasteboards were as familiar as one's knife and fork, it was somewhat difficult to simulate that chronic state of ignorance for which their self relegated position in society should attest.

Moreover, Kirby's native histrionic ability was badly handicapped by his thoughts being solely centered upon the now absent Adele, while the worthy Bunce's natural clumsiness was greatly enhanced by anxiety over their mutual safety, re-enforced by a perspiring embarrassment at finding himself a unit of such society. Happily for them their partners were not of a suspicious or inquiring turn of mind and were entirely engrossed with the game.

"You gentlemen know the cards a little?" Mme Davezac had ventured, with a charming and guileless belief in their ignorance. "Well, we shall teach you something new of the game, maybe."

"I'll be glad to learn something new about it," Kirby replied, with gravity and perfect truth.

Mme. Davezac, with sadly amateurish fingers, assisted with many a flourish, intended to impress the presumable tyros with a fitting admiration for her skill, proceeded to cut the deck while Bunce eyed her gloomily and mentally criticised what he termed a "dirty riffle." His professional dignity was outraged by the fact that she had cut to the last card and then serenely reunited the deck, and, forgetting himself, he was about to assert his rights and demand a new shuffle when a warning kick from Kirby checked him.

"Ah, 'tis your deal," Mme. Davezac at length exclaimed, tendering the cards to Bunce. "First you must make the cards well—mix them, so—like you saw me. See, you suf-fel, as they call it. You think you can do that?"

"Yes'm, I reckon I can git that fur," he ventured modestly. Taking the deck, he promptly forgot his role and proceeded to give a very fine demonstration of the professional shuffle, spreading the cards in the air between his hands until he resembled an expert bartender mixing drinks. This completed to his entire satisfaction, he spouted out the pasteboards in a deal of lightning like rapidity, while Mme. Davezac and the old judge sat bolt upright with astonishment. At length an extra desperate and well executed kick from Kirby checked the old gambler's stirring exhibition, and, covered with confusion, he dropped several cards to the floor and, in order to hide his flaming cheeks, stooped and began to miserably grope for them.

"You see," exclaimed Kirby, "my secretary is not so experienced as he might be. To speak confidentially, I would have let him go last month if it weren't that he is the only support of a wife and eleven children."

"I wish I was in the lower regions," groaned Bunce sotto voce.

"I'll see that you get your wish if you don't sit up here," replied Kirby.

But soon it was Kirby's turn to gain that state of absentmindedness for which he had censured his partner, for in the adjoining room Adele had commenced to sing, and all his thoughts promptly went out to her, his lips mutely repeating the words of the well remembered song, while his eyes grew as dreamy and abstracted as his mind. At length, when it was his turn to play, conscious only that he was holding a book of cards and consequently inferring that he must be indulging in his bread and butter game of poker, he spread his hand face up upon the table.

"Malheur!" exclaimed Mme. Davezac, aghast at this startling innovation. "He expose his hand."

"I fear," commented the judge, rising and pushing back his chair, "that Colonel Moreau finds it difficult to play cards and listen to the voice of a beautiful woman at the same time."

"And you cannot say that he have not good taste," commented Mme. Davezac. "Tiens! We adjourn, then, to the music room. You will come, Colonel Moreau and monsieur the secretar'?"

Adele was still singing, Miss Pleydell accompanying her, and, drawn by the soft harmony, M. Veaudry and Aaron at length forsook the balcony and, as had the others, proceeded to make their way toward the music room. Their goal, however, was never attained, for as they stepped through the window into the deserted drawing room they were met by Poulette, one of the "French niggers." She carried a small bundle made of a knotted spotted handkerchief, and her manner attested that she was evidently laboring under the repressed excitement incident upon discovering business not intended for her cognizance. In fact, she had but completed a victory over old Croup, who had persistently annoyed her with his attentions and, when censured for so doing by his ample wife, had promptly and quite untruthfully charged Poulette with making his life unbearable by her unrequited affection for his person. Since then Poulette, smarting under the calumny, had eagerly sought some method of assuaging her outraged feelings, and now at last she had secured it.

"Miche Aaron," she whispered, plucking Mr. Randall's sleeve as he was about to pass on—"Miche Aaron, dat black man, Croup, he have a secret. Dat secret it is with Miche Moreau."

CHAPTER XI.

"WHAT secret?" demanded Aaron, for at the magic name "Moreau" his companion and he were instantly all attention. "What secret?" he again peremptorily demanded.

"I see them speak together sly," said Poulette, nodding her head and screwing up her eyes in a manner that boded ill for the amative and untruthful Mr. Croup. "I can tell that they did not wish you to see. Then when you come from dinner Colonel Moreau he hand this to Croup behind the door. Croup he keep it in he breast pocket until he fall asleep on poarch just now. I have look. It is all those camels"—

"Camels?" dryly echoed Aaron, with raised eyebrows.

"Oui, miche," confidently nodded Poulette, evidently no whit amazed at the idea of the spotted handkerchief being able to accommodate such animals. "All those camels the colonel gen'eman 'wear when he is come, wear them on his fob chain." And she opened the spotted handkerchief.

"Cameos, M. Aaron!" exclaimed Anatole, an exultant light leaping to his eyes. "See, there they are. Now I know. You saw Colonel Moreau when he started for that meeting this morning. You saw him when Tom Randall has meeting this morning. You saw him when Tom Randall has give him that pistol of his father's to go and kill—who? But one man—Cameo Kirby!" he cried, leveling his arm at the startled Aaron.

And, as if further proof were needed, evidence which proved beyond a doubt the sinister identity of the unwelcome guest, Croup entered with a note, which he handed to M. Veaudry.

"Man on horseback ride all de way from de city wif it," he explained.

Hastily scanning it, the young creole handed it in silence to Mr. Randall, and the latter read:

> I have one more clew to run down, but I shall follow this within the hour. I hear a rumor that Colonel Moreau took the journey with you this morning. If this is true, secure his portmanteau, and if he is still at the plantation do not allow him to quit the place till I come. Use any means to prevent his leaving. Do not hesitate at force. Colonel Moreau was murdered this morning by Cameo Kirby. TOM RANDALL.

Aaron gravely returned the letter to his companion, and for a long moment the two men looked at each other in silence. Then M. Veaudry quietly placed the paper in his pocket, turned on his heel and strode from the room, Mr. Randall obediently following. At last they had arrived at a complete understanding regarding the identity and disposition of the troublesome guest who boldly masqueraded under the name of Colonel Moreau. That no words had been necessary testified to the sinister character of the resolve upon which they had mutely determined.

From the balcony Larkin Bunce, chewing impatiently on his cheroot, waited for Adele to leave the drawing room. It was imperative that he should have a final word with Kirby. Escaping from the music room before the others, he had been in time to catch a glimpse of Aaron Randall's face as the latter followed M. Veaudry, and the sight had not been a comforting one, the old gambler feeling assured that something untoward had happened. It would not have surprised him if their respective identities had at last been discovered.

"I knowed we'd get it if we stayed," he commented gloomily. "I wonder if this means it's come," glowering at Aaron's retreating back.

And yet, looking through the window, he discerned Kirby seated at the card table and toying with the pasteboards and frittering away the time with Adele as if secure in the peace and happiness of his own home. Such indifference was maddening, inexplicable, and the old gambler, with a final imprecation, decided that the moment Adele had gone he would convey a last warning to his partner, and if it was still unheeded he would then think of his own safety and, however difficult it would prove, leave Kirby to the fate he deserved.

Meanwhile that gentleman was calmly pursuing his dialogue with Adele.

"You ask me if I am sorry I did not go," he was saying. "Miss Randall, what is a man who acts against all the reason he has?"

'Sometimes he is a hero," she replied, steadily meeting his eyes.

"And sometimes he's a fool," he added grimly. "Things come so suddenly sometimes that you can hardly get your breath quick enough to tell what to do. Yet," he added musingly, "you do know all the time, underneath, what you ought to do. For instance, I know that I ought not to be here now. I haven't any right. And, then, I ought to be hunting the man who stole a silver mounted pistol at the oaks this morning."

HE DISCERNED KIRBY SEATED AT THE CARD TABLE.

"But you can't do that," she expostulated, nodding wisely. "Your friends would"—

"Miss Randall, I've got only one friend in the world, and he's out there on the balcony swearing cuss words at me because I don't go."

She turned away, evincing sudden and vital interest in a book she had read twice over and knew by heart.

"Do you think you have a right to say that you have only one friend?" she asked gently.

"I—I hadn't thought of you as a friend, Miss Randall."

"Why? How do you think of me?" suddenly facing him, her eyes half timid, half daring, demanding a sincere answer.

"Why—just as you, Miss Adele—and I ought not to think of you at all."

"Do you mean because this unjust charge is hanging over you? Do you think I care for that? Is there any other reason?"

He nodded, permitting the cards to fall from his hand one by one to the table. "Yes; there is another reason. You remember what Mercutio said of his wound—'Tis neither as deep as a well nor as wide as a church door, but 'twill serve. Ask for me tomorrow; you shall find me a grave man.' The bad prince ought not to stay too long, you know."

She seated herself at the table and scrutinized him with grave, troubled eyes, her chin reposing daintily on the crux of arched hands. "You must make it clearer to me than that. What are you afraid of my finding out?"

He shrugged and smiled. "Life makes some pretty queer shuffles, Miss Randall, and you can't fool much with the deck yourself," he said, somewhat irrelevantly, picking up the cards and unconsciously beginning to riffle them. "If you don't play the game square it's only a question of time till you get caught, and then nobody will play with you. I don't know why Life dealt me the hand I hold. All I know is I've got to play the cards according to rule. Sometimes I've found that mighty hard. I keep wishing and wishing there'd be a different hand dealt, but wishing won't change it. It was the shuffle that settled it long ago."

"I don't think, sir, that you've said anything that concerns you and me very much," she commented, glancing up shyly.

"'Concerns you and me,'" he echoed sadly, and, rising, he began to pace the room. "Miss Randall, let me tell you something," he added at length, halting and regarding her fixedly. "One evening toward sunset I was leaning over the rail of a Mississippi river steamboat, and, not finding much pleasure in what I was thinking about, I put my hand casually into my pocket and drew out a deck of playing cards, cards that had been used—well, considerably. I contemplated them a moment and then let them fall from my hand. They dropped into the water in a kind of little shower. And then a curious thing happened. Those shabby old playing cards floated alongside a rosebush all in bloom that somebody had evidently planted too near a caving back upstream. It seemed as if they kind of hoped to go along with it on its journey, but it didn't look right. The rosebush was too pretty for bad companions like that. And then, one by one, those shabby playing cards, lying on their backs in the water, began to sink under and drown. Then along came an eddy and caught that pretty rosebush and swung it out into the current, and away it went down the stream, happy and proud in just a glory of sunshine and sparkle. It served those old playing cards right. They ought to have been drowned for trying to keep company so high above them. That's what I thought looking down from the boat's rail."

"PERHAPS WITH ONE WOMAN HE COULDN'T BE BEATEN."

Without conscious effort or any attempt at elocution Kirby had told the little allegory with simple feeling and sincerity, his manner growing more abstracted until at the conclusion it seemed as if he were speaking to his inner self, taking counsel with all that was best in him. Silence ensued, while Adele looked dreamily away, and he continued to stare at the cards, but seeing them not.

"Does a man always stop to think whether he has a right or not?" she ventured at length, speaking so low that he strained forward to catch the words.

"Doesn't a woman always want him to?" he gravely returned.

"Ah, but there is something a woman wants a man to do more than that—she wants him not to give up anything till—he is beaten," she whispered.

"Suppose he is the kind of man that ought to be beaten?"

She arose, throwing the scarf about her shoulders, and walked meditatively to the door.

"But mightn't it be perhaps—perhaps with one woman," she whispered, "he couldn't be beaten even then?"

Astonished at her own daring, she gave a little gasp, then incontinently fled, while Kirby stood staring after her, fearing to interpret her words. He turned with a start as Bunce strode through the balcony window.

"Well, have you told her goodby?" snapped Larkin, who had interpreted the foregoing passage as a species of farewell.

"No," said Kirby violently, irritated at the interruption.

"Well, I reckon it's about time to sit down and take a good hard think," warned the other, pacing the room like an excited sentry. "Do you think you could git this girl?" he continued, with heavy sarcasm. "How about it when she finds out who you are—Cameo Kirby?"

"Easy on that name, Larkin!"

"'Easy on the name!'" bellowed Bunce, appealing to the ceiling. "Why, it's been shriekin' through this house ever since you got here. There's been two fellers within ten feet of you all the time who never took their eyes off'n you—that young Veaudry and Aaron Randall. Do you reckon they think you're Colonel Moreau? Why, I seen them leave the house a short spell back, and I'd be willin' to bet my immortal soul they're on to our makeups and are plannin' to raise h— with us. I tell you this place is gittin' too hot for Larkin Bunce. You haven't said goodby to her? Well, then, I'll say goodby to you. Somebody's got to be loose. I wouldn't be no good to you—nor to me either—in jail. For the last time," he pleaded, making an imploring gesture with his trembling hands, "are you comin' with me?"

Kirby, who had quietly resumed his place at the table, now slowly shuffled the deck and carefully inspected the card that had turned up.

"No," he said, with grave finality, "I'm not going with you, my friend. The hand's dealt; I'll play it out."

"For God's sake, Gene!" implored Bunce. "Then I got to quit you. You know what this means to me," he added despairingly. "I hate to go, but there's no sense in my stayin'."

"No. And I thank you for staying as long as you have," interrupted Kirby, with a smile, rising and placing his hand on the other's shoulder. "I'm afraid I haven't been thinking very much of you, old partner. But I'm going to stay—call it what you like. However, this is not your hand, Larkin, and I don't want you to help me play it out. Go, by all means, and at once. Did you get a fresh horse?"

"A fresh horse? Why, I wouldn't even durst to ask for the one I come on," cried Bunce, mopping his face. "You don't seem to rightly size up the mess we're in, Gene. I'll be lucky to git out on my own two feet. I don't even know where they put my hat, and I'm skeered to ask for it. Then it ain't no more use my askin' you to come?"

"No more use than in your staying," said Kirby.

Bunce hesitated for a moment, then thrust out his huge hand.

"Goodby, you durned fool!" he gasped, choking up.

"Goodby, Larkin, but don't bet that it is goodby. They won't get me. I'll ride your horse into town for you tomorrow."

Bunce bestowed a final helpless appeal upon the ceiling, gave his partner's hand a farewell wrench, then lumbered hastily from the room, while Kirby, humming softly to himself, strolled to the open window and, leaning negligently against its frame, gave himself up to retrospect.

He wanted to be alone; he wanted to think, to dream, to go over and over again every word that Adele had spoken, every smile, every gesture. His thoughts were solely of the immediate present and past. For the future he did not care—neither Tom Randall's homecoming nor his own inevitable unmasking. He wondered what he would have been, what the end would have been, had his early life been laid in pleasanter lines—less harsh, less lonely. Yes, utter loneliness was a great and sinister factor in molding man's destiny. What if the last of the Kirbys had proved an honor to the old name, instead of a professional river gambler! And why was he remaining? Was not the allegory of the rosebush too bitterly true? Why had Adele said those last words: "But mightn't it be perhaps with one woman he couldn't be beaten, even then?"

Yes, it might be, and it would be, and the truth of it had been proved since the beginning of time. But, even if she were willing and knew him for what he was, could he rightly ask the sacrifice? Yet those words had awakened a fierce longing, had held out a promise of hope. And he could not utterly renounce, not just yet. Perhaps—

He turned as a hand tugged at his sleeve, turned to confront old Croup, who had stolen noiselessly to his side.

"Marse Gene, fo Gawd's sake look out!" whispered Croup, his face gray with anxiety, his voice trembling with suppressed excitement. "I's feared it's too late fo' yo' to git away. Marse Anatole done ride out de stable lak he's crazy, an' if yo' listen to de quiet out yonneh yo' kind hear hosses a-comin' down de big road, an' dey comin' on de gallop, Marse Gene. Old Croup mighty skeered fo' yo', honey."

Kirby turned an attentive ear toward the softly stealing south wind—that harbinger of danger. Yes, the hoof beats were now insistently audible, drawing nearer and nearer with every passing second. More than one horse, too—say a dozen, if he was any judge.

"Thank you for the warning, Croup," he said quietly, preserving his attitude of idle indifference as if discussing the most trivial commonplace. "I quite agree with you that it is too late to think of escape."

CHAPTER XII.

"BUT, Marse Gene, honey," implored the old negro, "yo' sho'ly is gwine to make"—

"Some attempt to escape?" smiled Kirby. "Not any, Croup. For one thing I don't wish to, and for another I think it would be wasted effort. The moon is very unaccommodating," he added cheerfully, peering out into the darkness, "but still it seems to me that there are shadows out there not formed by trees. At least they appear somewhat agitated. I shouldn't wonder," he finished in the same pleasant conversational tone, "if Mr. Bunce has realized by this time that he would have been considerably more comfortable had he remained here. The night air doesn't appear overhealthful."

"Yo' mean, Marse Gene, dat de house am surrounded wif men," quavered Croup, seeking to peer over the other's shoulder.

"So I should imagine," agreed Kirby. "It's time our interesting friends on horseback should be here. Aren't they drawing rein out there?"

"Oh, Lawd! Oh, Lawd!" gasped Croup, abandoning himself to despair. "Dey's gwine to have yo' life, Marse Gene"—

"S-h-h!" warned Kirby. "Here come the ladies. No more agony, if you please. I assure you your sympathies are entirely wasted. The good die young, you know." And he turned, with a pleasant smile, as Mme. Davezac and Miss Pleydell entered.

Both appeared thoroughly frightened, although endeavoring to cloak it under a mask of well bred composure, and Kirby, purposely ignoring their condition, launched himself upon a soothing current of small talk which was remarkable for its lack of relevance.

"Just discoursing with Croup on the beauties of the night," he prevaricated cheerfully. "You see, I have been quite deserted. My secretary, feeling the heat, stepped into the garden for a breath of air, while Miss Randall evidently had duties elsewhere. Shall we continue our game? Or perhaps Miss Adele will sing for us again."

"I—I am a little frightened, Colonel Moreau," interrupted Mme Davezac, her emotion mastering all repressive measures, while she glanced apprehensively at the window. "There are strange shadows moving in the garden. We saw them from the parlor."

"Ah, undoubtedly my secretary," replied Kirby, "a most active being for one of his excessive displacement. I assure you he is entirely capable of creating more than one legitimate shadow"—

"It was more than one man," interrupted Ann Pleydell in a frightened voice of conviction. "Please do not jest with us, Colonel Moreau. We are convinced that some men are watching this house both front and rear."

"In that case," said Kirby, instantly serious, "I beg of you, ladies, to retire to your rooms and permit me to investigate this matter. There is no cause for alarm"—

A shrill, frightened scream cut him short, and the next moment Poulette came flying into the room, moaning and wringing her hands.

"Oh-h-h!" she cried, shrinking away from the window. "Men all round de house. Dey have gun muskets. Dey hide in de bush. Oh-h-h!"

Instinctively Kirby placed a hand in his breast pocket and strode toward the balcony. As he gained the window a hand suddenly pulled him back, and he turned to confront Adele.

"You think they have tracked you," she whispered, biting the quiver from her lips. "They shan't take you! They shan't!" passionately, vehemently.

"Stand back from the window," he commanded quietly, throwing an arm before her. "Ladies," he added, turning to the others, who, with Poulette, had defensively bulwarked themselves behind the card table, "there is no cause for alarm. It is possibly only a posse of our neighbors hunting a runaway nigger."

"Quite so, sir," agreed a drawling voice. And, turning, Kirby discerned Judge Pleydell standing in the doorway, complacently and resolutely blocking the one avenue of escape. Kirby felt quite assured that at last some one of his late friends had discovered the true identity of "Colonel Moreau."

"I have found out who these trespassers are," continued the judge, significantly eying the masquerader, "and, ladies, it is my earnest request that you retire to your rooms."

"Retire?" furiously stormed Adele, her eyes snapping. "I tell you I'll have them whipped off the place!"

"You can't do it; he's right," cut in Kirby, nodding toward the judge.

A heavy step in full retreat now sounded on the balcony, and as Mme. Davezac gave birth to a frightened little scream Larkin Bunce, looking considerably overheated and embarrassed, pushed through the window and beamed rather foolishly upon the assembled company.

"You changed your mind about taking that stroll, did you, Larkin?" greeted Kirby pleasantly.

"Well, I didn't stroll fur," acknowledged the other, fastening an innocent eye upon the ceiling. "There was some men out there, strangers to me—so fur. Yet they kind o' seemed to show some interest in me when I ran into 'em. Told me it wasn't healthy to take too long a walk in the night air. And when I went round the house the other way there was some more o' them says the same thing similar. So I reckoned I might as well come back to the house."

"If you will permit me," said Kirby, facing the company and raising his voice, "I will receive Judge Pleydell's friends on the porch yonder. No, Bunce," he added sharply as the other approached, "I don't want you. It's a lone hand, partner."

"You shan't do it," implored Adele, catching his arm. "Oh, don't you see it would be as if I had betrayed you? Anatole," she broke off sharply, a note of agonized relief in her voice as the young creole appeared in the doorway and gently shouldered his way past the judge—"Anatole, you've told me a hundred times you'd die to do me a service. Now I give you the chance. I want those men driven off my property."

M. Veaudry's face whitened and set as he became the cynosure of all eyes, Kirby's excepted.

"It is a service that I do you, mademoiselle," he said at length, with quiet dignity. "Those are my men out there. I told them to surround the house, and this gentleman knows what for," bowing gravely to Kirby.

"No, he doesn't, but I do!" cried Adele, laughing hysterically. "So this is how you win a woman, Anatole? You will answer to my brother for an attack on a guest of this house," she finished, her anger once more mastering all other emotions.

"Mademoiselle, it is by your brother's orders that I act—and I think it is that he is himself here now," replied M. Veaudry.

Even while Adele laughed scornfully a confused babel of cries was heard from the garden, supplemented by hoarse oaths and the sound of running feet. Another moment and Tom Randall had burst into the room. Covered with dust and sweat, white, haggard, half insane with excitement, a prey to the most consuming passion, he was the epitome of violence, balked revenge and undying hatred as, throwing off Adele's restraining arm, he launched himself straight at Kirby.

To be Continued.

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Editor and Proprietor

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GET IT AT
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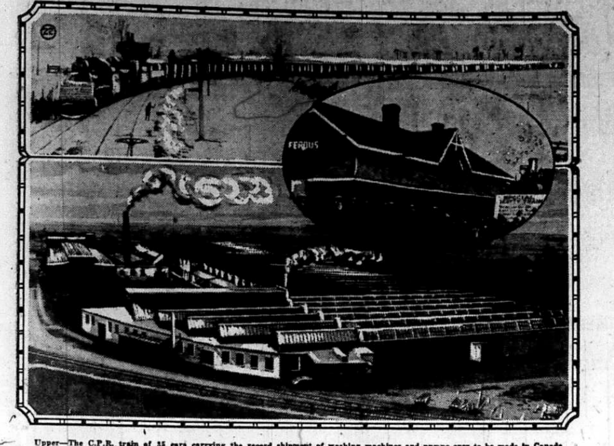
Cleaning up the West



Upper—The C.P.R. train of 35 cars carrying the record shipment of washing machines and pumps ever to be made in Canada. Lower—Plant of Beatty Bros. at Fergus, Ontario. Inset—Fergus station, the Special C.P.R. Train about to leave.

Fergus, a little Ontario town of 2,500 people is making a large contribution to the cleaning up of the West. Recently the whole community turned out to see the despatch of a special train of 35 cars, double-headed with motive power leave for the West with the largest consignment of washing machines and pumps ever to be made in Canada. There were churns, hay carriers and ladders, but the bulk of the eleven thousand individual shipments were pumps and washing machines which had already been sold by Beatty Brothers in farm and rural communities. Fifteen hundred merchants in Western Canada participated in the shipment which was handled as a special train by the Canadian Pacific through to Vancouver. Cars were dropped at Winnipeg, Calgary, Saskatoon, Regina and Edmonton, distribution being fairly general.

The large number of pumps going forward suggests that the Western farmer has decided to carry no more water if his housekeeper will do no more washing.

WATCHING ITALIANS ABROAD.

Proposal That Sons Abroad May Have Representation In Parliament.

According to recent statistics the number of Italians living outside their native country is 9,118,393. Experts, however, affirm that the figure is not a correct one, as the returns sent from consular offices are incomplete, and give the number of Italians abroad at about 10,000,000. About two-thirds of Italian immigrants live in North, South and Central America, the United States absorbing the largest number of Italians — over 5,000,000. The Italians are proud of the fact that New York is "the most populous Italian city in the world," for more Italians are to be found there than at Naples, Rome or Milan.

The Argentine comes next with 1,600,000 and is followed by Brazil with 800,000, Canada with 150,000, Costa Rica with 87,000, Chile with 21,500, and Mexico with 7,000. In Europe there are 1,267,341 Italian emigrants, more than half of whom are settled in France. In Africa there are 190,000 Italians, and in Australia 27,000.

These high figures have so impressed Arnaldo Mussolini, the Duce's brother, that he has made the suggestion in the Popolo d'Italia that Italian expatriates should be duly represented in one of the branches of Parliament, possibly in the Senate. In this way, Arnaldo Mussolini argues, Italy will show to the many millions of her sons spread in foreign countries that she takes a keen interest in their welfare, and that she will award those who, in spite of the distance, remain faithful to the mother country. A few seats in the Senate, he says, should be reserved for them, irrespective of their political qualities, according to their merit.

A census of their activities is necessary and will be taken in order to discover how much Italy owes to them. Representatives of Italian emigrants in the Senate would be in a position to defend the interests of their fellow countrymen by calling the attention of the authorities, in a public way, to all attempts that are made to deprive Italians of their nationality.

NEW DUTCH WINDMILL.

Greatly Increased Capacity Secured by Invention of Engineer.

Windmills, so charming in the Dutch landscape, but at the present day disappearing rapidly, have received a new opportunity for service by the invention of Dr. A. J. Dekker of Hazerswoude. Some time ago when the board of a "polder" near the city of Leiden desired a better way of getting rid of superfluous water than by means of the old windmill system, electricity was not directly resorted to, as has been done so often, but Dr. Dekker's invention was applied, which until then had only been worked out on paper.

With the old system of windmills, the wind, caught by the four fans, moves a scoop-wheel which lifts the water out of one basin into another basin or canal, whence it is sent to a river or the sea. Such a scoop-wheen can only do its work when a wind of a certain minimum velocity is blowing, while its capacity is also very limited. Mr. Dekker in the first place, improved the fans by smoothing out their backs, thus evading certain air eddies which were impeding their speed. Then, and this is the main part of the invention, he used three rotary pumps of different capacity instead of one scoop-wheel. These pumps can work either separately or connected in groups of two and three by means of a simple friction clutch.

The advantage of three pumps is that it is possible to use a much lower wind velocity for pumping water. In an old system mill in the neighborhood of the one changed by Mr. Dekker, the scoop-wheel does not move until a velocity of about six meters per second is reached, while with a stronger wind the capacity of water transferred does not increase considerably. The new mill, however, appeared to be able to move the two smaller rotary pumps at a velocity of about four meters per second. When the wind became stronger the third pump was connected and about 90 cubic meters of water per minute were displaced, while the old mill at that time could only total 40 meters. The latter had to wait for more wind, when the new one had already reached its 50 cubic meters per minute by all its three pumps!

According to statistics issued by the Royal Netherland Meteorologic Institute the number of working hours for windmills has by the new invention increased from 30 to 60 per cent., representing a 100 per cent. gain. In Dutch engineering circles great interest is evinced in Mr. Dekker's discovery and its [illegible] for preserving the graceful windmill for the Dutch "polder" landscape.

STILL STAND ON CEREMONY.

Social Intercourse In China Is Very Complicated.

Social intercourse in China is so complicated that the traveller from other lands often finds himself [illegible] completely when he tries to follow its intricacies. Every action, every gesture, every carefully-worded phrase is replete with hidden meaning.

For instance, it is wrong to remove your hat when entering a Chinaman's home. It is an insult equally as bad as if, in this country, one did not remove one's headgear.

Again, you should never offer a Chinaman your hand to shake. You must shake hands with yourself, both on arrival and departure. If you are offered anything to drink, it is a breach of etiquette to touch it before the moment you are about to leave.

Again, you will notice that your host will pick a cake or choice biscuit and put it on your plate. In return, you must pick the daintiest morsel from the dish of sweetmeats and place it on his plate. In doing so you pay him the greatest compliment.

If you show due regard for such points, the Chinaman will make your visit worth while, show you all his treasures, tell you stories of his home and business, and give you introductions to his friends.

Your visit to Mr. Chinaman's home ends with a good handshake with yourself as you stand on the step. But as you turn to walk away you finds that he is handing you a small present in memory of your visit, for the Chinese are splendid hosts and and love to make your visits to their homes happy memories.

TO ABOLISH INEQUALITIES.

Jugo-Slavia Creates Uniform System of Taxation.

The Belgrade Government has just moved one step nearer the goal of national unification in creating a uniform system of taxation for all the 13,000,000 inhabitants of the country, says Christian Science Monitor.

Ever since the formation of this state, at the close of the world war, the population has been divided into many groups not only by religion, national and cultural differences, but by various systems of taxation.

But in addition to class discrimination, a sectional inequality, is also alleged. For example, during the period from 1919 to 1926 7,700,000 000 dinars were collected in Jugo-Slavia in the form of direct taxes. Of this sum Serbia and Montenegro paid only 1,700,000, that is less than a fourth, although the last named districts contain 36 per cent. of the total population and occupy 42 per cent. of the total area.

This unequal tax incidence has caused deep and bitter dissatisfaction among the non-Serbs in Jugo-Slavia. For many years it was tolerated in consideration of the fact that Serbia had suffered most during the war and therefore that she had a right to expect to be aided by the more fortunate parts of the new kingdom. But after nine full years, the opposition to this method of levying taxes became so intense and desperate that the Government decided to introduce a uniform system of taxation throughout the whole country.

In the first draft of the new law, the Cabinet tried to attain uniformity, not by removing the income tax but by making it universal. That plan, however, met such a storm of disapproval, even in the ranks of the Government supporters that it had to be changed, and now the finance committee of the Skupshtina has decided to do away with the income tax entirely.

AFTER SIXTEEN YEARS.

A Devil's Island Man Re-Marries His Wife.

Eugene Dieudonne, who was granted a free pardon when he returned to Marseilles, France, recently, after escaping from the dreaded convict settlement at Devil's Island, French Guiana, has just re-married his wife.

He was pardoned because after sixteen years he had been found innocent of taking part in the murders committed by the notorious Bonnot gang of motor bandits, for which he was sentenced to death. It was commuted to penal servitude for life.

The day after the sentence he advised his wife to obtain a divorce and start life anew with their little son. She obeyed his wish, and divorce proceedings went through automatically.

But Mme. Dieudonne's faith in her husband's innocence never wavered, and she never re-married. She worked as a saleswoman in a Paris shop and brought up her son, who is now twenty years old.

When Dieudonne landed at Marseilles from Devil's Island last October his faithful wife was the first to embrace him.

But legal formality demanded that they should re-marry. Their re-marriage took place recently. Dieudonne's best man was M. Belbon, one of the jurymen who found him guilty.

WOULD SPEND BILLION.

Making the French Capital a City of Skyscrapers.

One of the leading architects of France, M. Le Corbusier, has a plan to make Paris a city of skyscrapers, with avenues twenty yards wide and cross streets at intervals of 350 or 450 yards.

An immense structure of 60 floors would be built in the centre of each of these enormous blocks. In the heart of the new capital M. La Corbusier would have a subterranean railroad terminal feeding all lines running out of the city and an overhead airport for aircraft, the street surface being reserved for automobile traffic.

In this manner, the architect contends Paris would consist of two cities, one devoted to business, the other a residential district, separated by a main avenue running from east to west. He believes that the initial outlay in condemnation proceedings and rebuilding, estimated at a billion dollars, would be amply repaid by the increased efficiency and real estate income.

Taking Menace Out of Gasoline.

Fireproof gasoline has been discovered by a French Government official, M. Ferrier, and has proved of such value that the French Air Union has declared its intention of using it for its passenger airplanes shortly. Those who have tested this gasoline report that you cannot set it afire with a match. In contact with hot metal the gasoline remains in its liquid form. It proves in use to be as efficient as ordinary gasoline.'

M. Ferrier has apparently contributed to removing one of the main causes of apprehension in connection with flying, namely, the possibility of ignition of gasoline owing to an engine fault or a crash.

"Tear" Glasses.

Tear glasses are glasses with a human "tear" apparently imprisoned in the steam. The "tear" is merely a hollow and originally was produced by a flaw in the glass from air which remained in the glass. The curious defect, however was developed into an ornament because of its pathetic attractiveness.

DIAMONDS WILL BURN.

If Heated Sufficiently in Air They Will Be Consumed.

Although diamonds are among the hardest substances known, they are composed of carbon, and if heated sufficiently in air they will burn.

"Diamonds," says a geologist, "are stated in all authoritative works to be unaffected by heat except at very high temperature (800 degrees Centigrade) such as one would not expect in an ordinary burning building. But it must not be forgotten that in some extensive conflagrations such temperatures may be reached."

An eminent diamond expert says if diamonds are exposed to fire in contact with air and great heat they will be destroyed.

"Diamonds," he says, "if heated and placed in oxygen will be entirely consumed. They are not likely to be cracked by heat, but the surface will gradually be eaten away, become corroded, becoming white or grey, and if exposed long enough they will be entirely consumed. I have seen thousands of diamonds in a single fire, some of which lost half to three-quarters of their weight, and some were entirely consumed."

A PRETTY PEST.

Ships Are Held Up by the Water Hyacinth.

There are times when nature seems to be filled with a spirit of vindictiveness towards man, when she uses her forces to show puny mortals how little their inventive genius avails against her mighty power.

On the Mississippi the flood waters recently burst through man-made barriers and endangered the lives of thousands of people. Rescue work was held up again and again by storms, and by a far more beautiful menace—the water hyacinth.

Great masses of this pretty flower blocked the waterways and jammed against the bridges, and so difficult did it become to carry on that the relief parties had to use saws, and even dynamite, to clear a way through the entangling roots.

The water hyacinth grows in small clumps in many rivers. These little clusters, however, have a habit of drifting together, and their roots interlace in such a manner that the beds form a solid mass, choking up channels and making navigation difficult and sometimes impossible. A few years ago the St. John's river in Florida was so completely clogged by this pretty pest that even steamers were unable to cut their way through.

In past years many millions of pounds have been spent in cutting up and removing great beds of hyacinth from some of the world's greatest rivers. But the cutting process could not clear the seeds, which sprouted and grew rapidly. The cutting method was abandoned and a process of spraying the rivers with arsenic was carried out. This, however, contaminated the waters, so a new method was adopted—the steam blower.

The steam blower is a river boat with pipes running from the boilers to nozzles in the bow. This vessel goes to the assistance of ships caught in the matted flowers and blasts a way through, the heat of the steam killing both flowers and seed.

THE HUMBLE CAT-TAIL.

Cut an Important Figure In Old Indian Days.

The humble cat-tail of the marshes cut an important figure in old Indian days, according to Dr. Melvin R. Gilmore, of the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation. In various tribes, every member of the Indian family depended on this abundant and picturesque plant to fill some need.

The Arikara tribe, which lived on the upper Missouri river in what is now North Dakota, called the cat-tail tsiritsinu, meaning eye-inflammation. This uncomplimentary name was bestowed in memory of uncomfortable times that the light, downy seeds of the plant were blown into their eyes by the wind.

All the women of a family helped the mother of a baby to gather a supply of cat-tails for lining the baby's cradle, Dr. Gilmore states. The children played games with the plaited leaves, and with the cat-tail clubs which filled the air with flying down, as in modern pillow-fights.

The rootstocks were dug up for use as food because of their rich, agreeable taste. And when the cat-tail heads were just ripe they were gathered and used in dressing tanned deerskins.

HEAT IS SOMETIMES COLD.

Men Can Thrust Bare Hands Into an Electric Furnace.

When men can thrust their bare hands into an electric furnace that melts metal with ease, it would seem that there is such a thing as cold heat. White mice, too, will run about in this furnace without suffering any ill-effects, while an interior of a wireless valve can be heated to incandescence without heating the glass bulk itself.

The secret is that the furnace heats only electrical conductors, being a high-frequency inductance furnace.

It is in the manufacture of wireless valves that one of the most interesting uses of this furnace is found. Just before the valve is sealed from the vacuum pump it is placed for a moment within a high-frequency coil. The metal parts immediately become red hot and the bubbles of gas and vapor are boiled out. The valve is then sealed from the pump with the knowledge that the later heating of the valve by the filament will not cause further release of bubbles.

Tight Collar Dangers.

Lecturing on nasal hygiene, Dr. Octavia Lewin explained that tight collars, hats, elastics, strings, and babies' bibs are oil sources of danger to health. Anything tight around the neck creates a demand for more air than will pass normally through the nose, with the result that the mouth is used as a breathing agent.

Five-sixths of the cases of deafness are caused through mouth-breathing and nasal obstruction, and a child's sight may be adversely affected. Mastoid disease would not exist if nasal passages were kept clear; it is a malady that never attacks animals. Incidentally, attempts should never be made to clear a child's nostrils by the insertion of cotton wool, which merely clogs.

In later life, ill-fitting spectacles, especially pince-nez that press tightly on the nose, should be avoided.

English Witch Balls.

Old English witch balls in appearance are huge editions of the silver, golden and blue glass balls seen on Christmas trees. Formerly they were hung from the beams on old English cottages and inside above the entrance door as mascots to ward off the entry of evil spirits.

Most of them were allowed to remain undusted for many decades so that the surfaces of genuine balls are rough to the touch. They are also quite heavy.

New Short Route to Rouyn.

The Canadian Pacific Express Co. has extended its service into the new gold field of northwestern Quebec, reaching Rouyn over the recently completed extension of the Nipissing Central Railway. This extension provides a new and short route into the rapidly developing mining area.

Flax Growing In Nova Scotia.

A record in flax growing was made last year on thirty acres in Lunenburg when 12,000 pounds were produced. A larger acreage will be devoted to this plant this year.

WHERE PEOPLE CLUCK

BUSHMEN HAVE NOT EVOLVED ARTICULATE SPEECH.

Language of Pygmy Race Was Formed at a Time When Tongue Had Not Yet Acquired Trick of Articulation—Odd Primitive People.

The discovery of alleged prehistoric carvings at Glozel, in France, has aroused a storm of debate and controversy among savants, some of whom are fully convinced that the relics are simply exceedingly clever fakes.

Prof. Schwartz, of Rhodes University College, of Grahamstown, South Africa, says, in an article in the London Daily Mail:

The Glozel controversy has drawn attention to the first attempts of man to record the spoken word. We find round the Mediterranean the Libyan, Phoenician, and Etruscan scripts, so far indecipherable because the people who used them had not evolved articulate speech such as we understand it. Have we any living races who represent this stage in human progress?

The answer is to be found in the Kalahari desert of South Africa, a sandy country covered with grass and trees, but without surface water.

The most primitive pastoralists and agriculturists shun the region, but as it supports vast herds of game it is suited to those races who are content to live by hunting alone.

Here we find numerous tribes of wild men living in the Stone Age and representing the main stems of Prehistoric Man. The best known is the so-called Cape Bushmen, a pygmy race whose womenfolk are characterized by the unsightly development of fat.

The language of the Cape Bushmen consists largely of clicks.

The body color of these Sanqua Bushmen is a whity-brown, giving them a corpse-like appearance, but they are usually covered with a thick layer of grease and dirt, which makes them look darker. As they wear no clothes at all, this film serves as a good substitute, being cheap and durable, and so resistant that it can only be removed by scrubbing with petrol.

The sallow complexions of the people of Southern Europe, as shown characteristically in the pictures of El Greco, are probably due to a remote ancestry from these Bushmen, a supposition borne out by their small stature and general bodily conformation, as well as by their frizzy hair.

Besides the whity-brown pygmies there are the red-skins, the Qung, portrayed faithfully as to their exact color in the frescoes on the walls of the ancient palaces in Crete. They speak through the medium of croaks, snores and warbles, with a few clicks—the prominent Cape Bushman click that sounds like a kiss is absent.

Although Bushmen can now learn to speak Cape Dutch, their own languages were formed at a time when the human tongue had not yet acquired the trick of articulation. It was only by constant practice extending over centuries that the enunciation of definite consonants became possible.

The process began with the utterances of mere throaty gurgles, such as are made by the Haina Bushmen: "Haina heena hai, hoe hee hoe, haina hee!" with every now and again a noise like a cat spitting.

Then the voice was thrown forward and the tongue became involved, resulting in clicks, with a few simple sounds, such as "k," "t," and "n."

The more difficult were those formed by the lips, when the voice had to be thrown to the extreme outward limit of the mouth. The Qung never reached as far; the Sanqua managed to pronounce the labial "kiss" click while the Hottentots, who live in the same region, have the consonants "p" and "b," dropping the labial click from which these sounds were derived, but keeping all the others.

When we read the printed page, with all the myriads of symbols, it seems wonderful to think that there are still men and women struggling with the very elements of speech; it makes us realize how really marvellous is the art of speaking. Dr. Morlet considers he has evidence in the Glozel scripts of how the art of writing began, but we must wait before we can say that he is right.

The two arts, however, are mixed up together. The ancient Bushmen seem to have had from the very first an imperative mandate to delineate and describe, which they carried out by means of pictures of episodes. Once they took to marking rocks, the art of writing was born, for it only needed to draw pictures quickly to produce a series of conventional signs.

Whatever else Dr. Morlet has done, he has made us realize that there is an immense amount to be learnt about the origin of writing, and that the materials for an intensive study are still available. If we intend using these we must do so quickly, for all the Bushmen races are verging on extinction.

Italy Using Iron Hand.

The rapid Italianization of the Upper Adige continues to be the chief concern of the local authorities in the new territory annexed by Italy after the war, says Christian Science Monitor. The latest order issued by the prefect of Bolzano is that at the hotels, restaurants and inns of the province at least the same number of Italian newspapers must be at the disposal of readers as papers published in the German language.

It will certainly be very difficult for the German libraries in the Upper Adige to provide themselves with so many Italian books at one time, and it is possible that many German books will have to be withdrawn from circulation so that the prefect's orders may be obeyed.

Fairy Cow for Wales.

White cows are considered unlucky by some farmers in Wales and they sell £10 to £15 cheaper than other cows. The assumption is that they are too like the Fairy Cow, "the milk-white milch cow" of tradition in Wales.

A Kingly Nose of Wax.

Basil I. of Russia had a wax nose, his own having been severed by a sword. Unaware of this, the German ambassador and his suite were once terrified at seeing Basil's nose drop off during a court ceremonial.

$650,000,000 YEARLY

Ice Cream Business Now Represents One of the Big Industries of the United States.

Three quarters of a century ago Jacob Fussell, a Baltimore milk dealer, started in fun an industry which has become a giant of American commerce—the present $650,000,000 wholesale ice cream business.

Fussell's milk enterprise suffered reverses in the form of limited outlet in 1851, and to solve the problem of surplus storage, he hit upon the idea of freezing it. Immediately a multitude of possibilities arose, including the development of a popular delicacy when sugar and flavoring were added to the milk.

How well the theory succeeded is revealed in a tattered Government report of that day, which sets forth that "ice cream is eaten in fun and not as a food." The luxury retailed at 60 cents a quart.

By 1856 the demand for ice cream had so increased that a factory was put into operation in Washington. The machinery was simple. A single "freezer," attached to a drive wheel which provided power for rotation, was the entire equipment. When a factory was erected in 1862 in Boston orders for ice cream had come to American manufacturers from England, India and Brazil. Western cities awoke to the possibilities, and a factory was opened in St. Louis after an initial outlay of $500 for rights to the carefully guarded formula.

Artificial refrigeration, discovered by a German in 1867, is credited directly for the first great commercial opportunity in the wholesale manufacture of ice cream, an industry which consumed 4,500,000 pounds of milk in 1926 and poured thousands of dollars into the dairymen's pockets.

Federal figures place the total production of ice-cream at 324,665,000 gallons in the same year. Estimates for 1927 have not been compiled, but it is believed that they will show an even higher production. There are approximately 5,000 factories in the United States supplying a vast multitude of retailers, whose sales, added together and divided by the number of dealers from the roadside vendor to the owner of city "fountains," average 1.8 gallons a day for each merchant.

The rapid rise of the ice cream industry is credited in part to the complete change of attitude toward the "delicacy eaten in fun" seventy-seven years ago. Ice-cream by constant study and experiment has become a valuable food, of which total solids, including fats and other nutriments, amount to 36 per cent. of any given quantity sold by the average manufacturer.

TRANSPARENT METAL.

May Find Use In Radio and Phonograph Reproducers.

Sheets of metal such as iron, gold or platinum so thin that ordinary type can be read with ease through them may find use in radio and phonograph reproducers, says Science Service Bulletin. Ordinary diaphragms for this purpose are so heavy that they dampen some of the overtones and so coarsen the sounds.

These thin metal sheets are the result of research by Dr. Carl Mueller of the Charlottenburg laboratory, near Berlin. His method of preparing them is to electroplate the metal on the surface of some soluble substance, such as rock salt, and then dissolve away the support. A ring of thicker metal can be used to support the films, of which two and a half million would have to be piled to make a stack an inch high.

Such films have been made of iron, nickel, gold, silver and platinum, and it is found that although the nickel is much less transparent to visible light than gold it readily transmits the shorter ultra-violet rays.

USED ONLY 12 LETTERS.

"Kuokoa" of Hawaii, Printed Since 1861, Quits.

"Kuakoa," one of the most novel newspapers printed in the United States, using just twelve letters of the alphabet, has discontinued publication.

Printed in the native language of Hawaii since 1861, "Kuokoa" was, with one exception, the oldest general newspaper printed in these islands. For many years it had a circulation unequalled by any other newspaper published in Hawaii.

There are just twelve letters necessary to write the musical language of the Hawaiians, which was only a spoken language until the coming of the missionaries, who put the island tongue in writing.

The Hawaiians still use their native language in talking to one another, in their songs and ceremonials, but as they all learned to use English as fluently as Hawaiian, the circulation of "Kuokoa" dropped off.

One-Man Shorthand.

A London (England) painter and decorator has evolved a system of shorthand adequate for his business and other needs, and which only he can understand.

Being unable to read or write, he has formed this system during the last five years, and now he can make notes regarding estimates where before he had to rely on his memory.

Schoolmasters gave up the task of trying to teach him to read or write, and even after six months' special tuition, when he was thirty, he was just as hopeless. Other members of his family have a similar inability.

In appearance his shothand is similar to any other system. He signs cheques by copying a signature made by his wife.

Longer to Boil Milk.

Milk takes longer to boil than water.

To Advertise Canada.

The Ontario Associated Boards of Trade are asking that the Dominion Government consider a plan to spend $5,000,000 in the next three years, apart from grants now being made, to advertise the Dominion and obtain new investments of capital.

Buying Our Own Bonds.

Canada is now the largest purchaser of her own bond issues. The Dominion's bond purchases now run to $297,156,116, as compared with the United States absorption of $294,554,547, and Great Britain's purchase of $10,698,667.

JEWELS OF TURKISH HAREMS.

Description Sounds Like an Oriental Fairy Story.

One of the most wondrous treasures in the world, the collection of jewels and precious stones of the former Sultans of Turkey, whose description sounds like an Oriental fairy story, is, it is understood, to be sold by auction, presumably in Paris, in the near future.

Two Parisian experts were recently invited by the Turkish Government of Mustapha Kemal to inspect this treasure and estimate its value.

One of them, M. Gouspeyr, has returned. He says the precious stones gathered together by the sultans are now in the hands of Mustapha Kemal.

Whether the "ghazi" intends to dispose of that treasure or to obtain a loan on it the expert does not know. He has examined the whole collection, which is worth many hundreds of millions of francs.

"One part of it still remains in the old Serail at Stamboul. The other is kept in the coffers of the Ministry of Finance at Angora.

"If you can get admission through the three successive enclosures of the old Serail of Stamboul, and if you can get the 15 eunichs to trust you, you may obtain a glimpse of the precious collection.

"It is in a room and displayed on a series of mannequins that represent past Sultans of Turkey, each wearing his gorgeous state costume and turban.

"On each turban the official aigrette has at its base a diamond or an emerald or a ruby.

"These stones are all very big. The emerald is of 200 karats; it is as big as an ordinary egg.

"Each mannequin has a belt of precious stones with a dagger. Each dagger's handle is one big emerald.

"In an adjoining room is a large throne, made of solid gold and ornamented with 22,000 pearls, diamonds, rubies and emeralds."

In the coffers of the Finance Ministry at Stamboul M. Gouspeyr was shown a collection of votive offerings, each made of one emerald as big as a drinking glass, surmounted by pearls of great value and diamonds of thumb-nail size.

VILLAGE OF SQUATTERS.

New Ground Made By the Deposits of the River Seine.

Morocco is a new village, built of wornout boats, on new ground made by the deposits of the River Seine, northeast of Paris. There are 150 families, in frame sheds they built themselves, with one street they also made from old paving stones.

A tramp, settling down after a life of travel, started the squatter community. Workers hunting cheap lodgings camped alongside and in a few years the vacant land has become a village without any public utilities, officials or rights, but self-governing as far as it is governed at all.

The squatters recently claimed the land as their own because it was made by the river beyond a dike that is Government property. The courts enlightened them but as there is no other use for the ground the squatter village is in a fair way to be legalized as a town.

The buildings are primitive, old canal boats, bought for $12 a piece, are torn down. The cabins lifted out, make one-room houses and gradually they are enlarged with timbers and boards from the boats.

KING OF A TINY ISLAND.

Italian Who Holds Unique Position —Ruler of 100 Subjects.

The Italian press recently announced the death, at the age of 84, of the "King" of Tavolara, known as Charles I. Tavolara is an island of a few square miles on the east coast of Sardinia and is inhabited by one hundred fishermen and shepherds.

When King Charles Albert of Sardinia landed on the island in 1943 he was received by Giuseppe Bartoleoni, whose family were then the only occupants of the island. Bartoleoni was granted by the king exclusive possession of the place, and was jokingly dubbed "King of Tavolara."

This was afterwards considered by the people as some sort of investiture, and after the death of Bartoleoni his son was known as Paul I., King of Tavolara, and his grandson, who has just died, as Charles I.

"King" Charles I. was well known to tourists visiting the island for his hospitality. His son will continue the tradition of this microscopic kingdom under the name of Paul II.

Seaweed Salads.

Many seaweeds make dainty dishes. The lettuce ulva, which grows on rocks between tide-marks and is common on oyster-beds, can be washed and boiled and eaten cold with an oil and vinegar dressing.

In Wales, a seaweed, the purple laver, is kneaded with oatmeal and fried in fat to make a cake; it makes also a very tasty pickle.

Irish moss, a seaweed of the rock-pools, is an esteemed food for invalids when boiled into a gelatine.

A red seaweed called the dulse may be boiled and served as a vegetable, and is not unpleasant if served with butter sauce, while the pepper dulse, with fronds like large oak-leaves, makes a hot pickle. The weed called bladderlocks makes a good salad, and may be eaten raw.

Wealth In Waste Heaps.

Extracted from ores previously dumped away as waste, beryllium promises special value in making kitchen utensils, frames for airships, and pistons for motor-cars.

Beryllium is about a third lighter than aluminium, yet much harder, with four times its elasticity. It resists salt water, which corrodes aluminium, and seems unaffected by liquids and fumes. Its light grey color takes on a polish like that of fine steel.

"Lest We Forget."

Containing the names of nearly 50,000 Irishmen who fell in the Great War, a set of eight volumes, beautifully printed on hand-made paper, has been presented to St. Anne's Cathedral, Belfast, by the Committee of the Irish National War Memorial.

Selling Steamship Line.

Owing to heavy losses, the Australian Government has decided to sell the Commonwealth Shipping Line. In 1926 the Line operated at a loss of £595,000.

Down the Highway of Fashions Comes New Easter and Spring Merchandise
See the New Styles and Colors to Advantage at C. D. S. L.

Men--Have your Spring Suits and Top Coats Built to Your Own Specifications. Sets of Samples *Featuring the New Woollens* are on Display in Our Men's Store

Your watch may keep excellent time, yet be years behind time from a style viewpoint. Have you ever figured out your ideas on dress? Are they Mid-Victorian, or are they right up on the bit? Is your view-point outmoded—or do you keep right in touch with what is what in the way of smart clothes and attractive furnishings.

We know the way we handle our "Made-to-Measure" Clothing Department is modern and up-to-the-minute.

It is in harmony with present day ideas in merchandise.

First of all it permits us to sell you better quality, and better made clothes for less money.

It permits us to offer you an exceedingly wide variety of exclusive patterns in Suitings and Coatings from the world's best mills. It enables us to have your suits—designed—cut—tailored and finished by the most skilful operators in Canada

New Men's Fashions

have been created. All that's considered correct are on display in a profusion of designs.

Have your measure taken to-day, and in one week's time your wardrobe will be ready.

Convince yourself by shopping at C. D. S. L.

The Gossard Line of Beauty for Women who would be Slender

Page 33 in Canada's newest magazine for women, The "Chatelaine," the Canadian H. W. Gossard Co. introduce a new Spring foundation garment, known as Gossard Complete, No. 1582.

This particular garment is created for certain figure types. In their assortment of styles there are models especially designed for your figure. Corsets that will fit you correctly and comfortably. Models manufactured from various materials created for beauty and durability.

Complete No. 1582 will be found in our Corset Department very shortly. Phone our corsetieres for a fitting on the new spring line of foundation garments.

Prices for all purses.

Your "Easter Hats" are Now Ready

Why Not Make Your Selection Early

Here are new Spring millinery creations, just a few days out of the factory. They're here in a wide range of diversified "versions" that so characterizes the spring mode in millinery. One fleeting glance gives the impression that hats are much the same. But to examine each hat individually is to be enraptured by its originality and beauty. The Spring creations are master-pieces of hand-work. Rarely is one material used to fashion the complete hat, but combinations are all important.

Spring Hats come in a score of smart shades.

The Reigning Dress Styles are "on Revue"

Silk Crepes Register High in Spring Modes

Formality has entered the dress business. Its introduction is very marked in the new Spring modes. There is an unwritten rule for proceeding which one must follow to be absolutely correct in Fashion's eye.

There are types of frocks for each and every occasion. Hence you must watch your step.

Dress Silhouettes for Spring

Straight lines still bask in the spot-light of fashion. One, two and three piece costumes continue. Skirts remain short and come slashed, draped, tiered or pleated. Uneven hem-lines speak volumes from a style angle. Sleeves are long, necklines divide honors in various forms.

Ties, scarfs, vestees, belts, flowers and unique fabric insets create further pleasing ornamentation.

"Crepes" in various weights and weaves stand foremost in fashioning formal and semi-formal afternoon dresses. "Georgettes" complete the fabric picture.

A splendid assortment of new shades are being launched.

Choose Your "Easter Coat" from our present assemblage of new and exclusive styles.

"Easter Sunday" you simply must have your Spring wardrobe in readiness by that time. Because winter wearables are not considered "chic" after Easter, if the weather is favorable.

And Why Wait Longer?

The new Spring Coat silhouettes have been forecast. The new Spring Coating Fabrics have been chosen. The new Spring color card has been accepted. Everything has been decided from fluttering neck-line scarfs to fur-trimmed wrists.

The Successful New Coats Are Here!

Sportive styles created from Kasha and Tweed "Hurlingham" the all weather coats. Tailored models, scarf-trimmed Misses' models, Matrons models.

Navy Blue registers as the foremost Spring color. It is sponsored by authentic designers at home and abroad. This shade stands out particularly well in materials as Tricotine, Poiret-Twill, Wool Faille and Charmeen.

Many of the cloths in our Spring collection were dyed in England and France and represent the highest quality standards possible to secure.

Co-Operative Purchasing

Enables us to give you the very finest quality, the most expert workmanship at prices that are surprisingly low.

We invite your inspection.

Your first opportunity will please us nicely.

C.D.S.L. Coat Section.

Canadian Department-Stores
Limited

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mr. O H. McCormick spent last week-end at Selby visiting friends and acquaintances.

Mrs. Davis, Montreal, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Jack Caldwell, Deseronto road.

Mr. Geo. Robinson and Misses Carrie and Bert McMillan spent last week in Toronto.

Misses Emma and Nina McColl, Wooler, are visiting their sister, Mrs. J. L. Wilson, Enterprise.

Mr. E. J. Corkill, I.P.S., attended the Inspector's convention in Peteborough last week

Mrs. N. Wagar spent a few days last week in Toronto with her daughter, Miss Isobel.

Mr. Percy Laidley is attending the Frigidaire Convention in Toronto this week.

Miss Hilda Doyle, Gananoque, spent last week the guest of Miss Florence Kirkpatrick.

Mrs. W. H. Truscott and Miss Marion Truscott, West Huntington, were week-end guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Mills.

Miss Eileen Law ,who assisted at the anniversary of Trinity Church, was the guest of Mrs. Fred LaSalle.

Rev. T. W. Neal, the preacher for Trinity anniversary, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Robinson while in Napanee.

Mr. H. B. Collier, Viking, Sask., is renewing acquaintances in Napanee for a few days.

Mr. G. E. Fleming, who assisted in the Trinity Church anniversary, was the guest of his sister, Mrs. W. T. Baird.

Mr. O. H. McCormick, of Flint, Mich., has returned after spending some weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McCormick, Switzerville.

Capt. Hughson was in Toronto last week interviewing the Minister of Agriculture in reference to a grant for the Napanee Poultry Association. Mr. Hugson secured a grant of $200 for the Association.

BIRTHS

Woodcock—At North Fredericksburgh, on Sunday, March 4th, 1928, to Mr .and .Mrs. Clayton Woodcock, a daughter.

DEATHS

Benn—At Kingston General Hospital, on Monday ,Feb. 27th, 1928, Dorothy Ruth, dearly loved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Benn, aged 5 years, 4 months and 2 days.

Bartley—At North Fredericksburgh, on Tuesday, Feb. 28th, 1928, Eliza Douglas, relict of the late Robert Bartley, aged 87 years, 4 months.

Dafoe—At Napanee, on Wednesday, Feb. 29th, 1928, Peter W. Dafoe, aged 88 years, 5 months.

Doupe—At Kingston General Hospital, on Saturday, March 3rd, 1928, Margaret Jean Doupe, aged 7 years, 4 months, 7 days.

Dunwoodie—At Deseronto, on Saturday, March 3rd, 1928, at her residence, Dundas street, Isabel Longmore, widow of the late John Dunwoodie, in her 76th year

Prout—At Adolphustown, on Monday, March 5th, 1928, John Gordon Prout, aged 87 years, 10 months, 14 days.

Sagar—At Newburgh, on Monday, Feb. 27th, 1928, Rhoda Sagar, widow of the late Stuts Sagar.

Thompson—At Enterprise, on Sunday, Feb. 26th, 1928, Marion Thompson, aged 10 months.

Weese—At Camden, on Wednesday, Feb. 29th, 1928, Amanda O. Asselstine, wife of Jas. B. Weese, aged 73 years, 8 months, 20 days.

Mr. Elgin Unger has sold his new service station to the Imperial Oil Co.

The Mills Hatchery has started business for the season. The first eggs received for hatching was 600 from Mr. Leonard Mellow, Bath.

The March session of the County Council will be held at the Court House, Napanee, commencing on Tuesday, March 20th, at 2 p.m.

Mr. Jas. McConnell, a former resident of North Fredericksburgh, died at his home near Calgary, Alta., last week. Mrs. Murney Sherman, Hay Bay, is a daughter of deceased and Mr. Hugh McConnell is a brother.

The Adolphustown Women's Institute will meet at the home of Mrs. Geo Ruttan on Wednesday, March 14th, at 1.30 o'clock. Roll Call, "Housecleaning Suggestions." Paper: "Laws Affecting Women and Children." Travel talks and music. A good attendance is requested.

GAS SPOILED SLEEP, MADE HER DIZZY

"For years I suffered from gas and constipation. Used to get headaches and dizzy spells. The first dose of Adlerika gave me relief. Now I rest well."—Mrs. B. Brinkley. Just ONE spoonful of Adlerika relieves gas and that bloated feeling so that you can eat and sleep well. Acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel and removes old waste matter you never thought was there. No matter what you tried for you stomach, Adlerika will surprise you. Wallace's Drug Store.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

Speaking to the Montreal Women's Canadian Club, Hon. R. B. Bennett said that it was only a matter of time until a woman would sit in the Senate "With results greatly to be desired." He declared that while women have, as they always had, the responsibility of the home, they now have the added responsibility of the state in a country most difficult to govern, composed as it is, of people of many races and creeds whom the government is trying to group together. He felt that it was all important that women should have a clear and definite idea of their responsibility to their country. Whatever our politics are, we must admit that the leader of the Conservative party put his finger upon the weak spot in the attitude of many women to their franchise, still other women, good wives and mothers, are doing their share towards the making of a better Canada. Last week in Ottawa, the Canadian Council on the Immigration of Women met for two days behind closed doors. On it are leading women from the west and the east and from Ontario, who represent the large women's societies. The findings of the council will be sent to the minister of immigration. The object of this meeting is to see that only women who will make desirable wives and mothers are allowed to enter Canada and become the mothers of the Canadians of the future. Immigration may not touch you in your little corner, where every farm has been in the hands of the same family for generations, but it is one of the big questions before the people of Canada today and as such should be of interest to all loyal Canadians.

Continuing our talk on the possibility of the women of the rural districts making money in their homes, we will just now speak of the Canadians who want to spend part or the whole of the summer in the country Many of them do not want to go to "summer resorts," where there is no more quiet than in the city. Here is the opportunity for the woman who has a home not on the highway, where she can entertain the passing motorist. It may be near one of our lovely inland lakes or rivers miles from a railway station, but near enough for the visitors to be met by her or near a bus line. This kind of place is difficult to get in touch with, but is needed by such people as tired city workers, who spend their days in offices, mothers with young children, etc. Last year two journalists tried in vain for such a place and "Lucinda" was one of them. They were there and we knew it, but where? And then the people who want to take a few summer boarders so often make the mistake of asking more and giving less than the town boarding houses. We have been in country homes where we never saw cream or fresh vegetables and the town boarding house that didn't give both would soon be empty Comfortable beds and plenty of fresh linen is another requisite. Canadians do not want to pay the big prices that some of our visitors from the United States will pay, but then they do not, as a rule, want such elaborate fare, and they are quite well worth while catering to. The railway companies have got out good lists of summer places, but of course only those that can be reached by rail. The Board of Trade and the tourist bureaus have also done much to bring the people who want to go to the country and those who want to entertain them together, but the quiet woman who will like to have a few people who would not want a great deal of trouble taken about them, and only simple fare, thinks that it isn't worth her while to send in her address. Perhaps there is not good fishing or the house is far from the road. Lots of people don't care whether there is good fishing or not and the idea of being far away from the rush they face every day is a delight. Let us see what we can do to give our own people who live in our cities the quiet of our own country and also make a little for our pet project.

"Lace is good" said a fashionable modiste recently to a customer as she showed her a charming frock of black georgette and crepe-de-chine that had fascinating cuffs and a collar and jabot of lace.

A reader of this column has asked for the directions for knitting rugs from the legs of stockings. Cut the stocking round and round, beginning at the top. If the stocking is of silk with a cotton top, cut the top about one inch wide ad gradually widen until you reach the silk, which, as it is finer will have to be two inches wide It is as well to have some cotton in the rug as the heavier material will give it firmness. Sew the strips neatly together and roll on a ball. Set up the knitting on large wooden needles in garter stitch, lengthwise. Many people dye the silk stockings to give a bit of bright color to the rug. Good knitters know that to bring the different colors out correctly in stripes, they must begin at the same end each time. These rugs are very pretty and, if well made, will sell at some of the depots for work that are being established along the highway.

This is "Mother's" busy season. Just now she is making frocks and spring clothes for the children to wear to school when the warm days come to get them put out of the way before she begins house cleaning. We hope she will do that in the way one woman reader of this column says she did hers last year, a room at a time. "Why, my husband hardly knew what was going on and as I only took down one set of curtains at a time, my neighbors didn't believe I was housecleaned until they came in and saw how fresh and clean everything looked. I am not very strong, as you know, and with only the help of one woman I accomplished the spring cleaning without being a bit tired."

Here is a recipe for Amber Marmalade. 1 grape fruit, 1 orange, 1 lemon, (all large) 10 cups of cold water and 12 cups of granulated sugar. Cut the fruit in quarters and take out the fibre and seeds. Cut the pulp and rind into small pieces and put into a bowl. Cover with the ten cups of cold water and let stand 24 hours. Add the sugar and boil slowly for three hours or until it is in a jelly.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

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